

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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See  
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Six

## 12 YEARS A CAPTIVE IN EGYPT

### ONE OF GORDON'S BRAVE MEN

Slatin Pasha and His Great  
Work For Two Countries

### FREEING THE SUDAN

The heroic deeds of Gordon and his fellow-workers in Egypt and the Sudan 50 years ago have been recalled by the death in Vienna of Sir Rudolf Carl von Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha.

As a young Austrian officer he was appealed to by Gordon to undertake one of the most dangerous tasks in North Africa, and he did it well, though it ended in captivity at the hands of one whom he described as the cruellest man in Africa, the Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed.

Born near Vienna, at 17 Slatin made his first journey to the Sudan, exploring the mountains of Dar Nuba. On his way back he met Emin Pasha at Khartoum and asked him to ask Gordon, who was then Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, for a post.

### Betrayed By His Officers

Slatin then fought in Bosnia, and at the close of the campaign in 1878 accepted an invitation from Gordon to serve under him. In 1881 he was made Governor of Darfur, where he put down abuses and fought many battles. The rise of the Mahdi made his task hopeless, though to encourage his own soldiers he embraced Mohammedanism. But all his native officers betrayed him and he was forced to surrender in 1883. The Mahdi, believing him to be Gordon's nephew, loaded him with chains. In this plight he crawled from his tent one morning in January, 1885, to have the white-haired head of Gordon thrown in front of him! For ten more weary years he was kept captive by the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa.

Then Sir Reginald Wingate planned a miraculous escape on camels which covered 130 miles in 24 hours across the desert before they collapsed, so that Slatin had to hide while fresh camels were procured.

### Serving Under Kitchener

No one knew the Sudan so well, and he was made a Pasha by the Khedive and given a post under Kitchener in the campaign which won back Khartoum.

Knighted by England and made a noble by Austria, he returned in 1900 as Inspector-General to reconstruct the Sudan, carrying on this civilising work until the War, when he felt it his duty to return to his native land.

There he was appointed President of the Red Cross in its work for prisoners of war. He never lost his English friends, who appreciated his devotion to his self-imposed task of freeing the Sudan from the cruel ravages of the bloodthirsty Dervish hordes.

## On the Tops of London



Two men are in the news this week. It is the day of Trafalgar, in memory of which Nelson looks down from his column.



It is the 300th year of Sir Christopher Wren, who was born on an October day in 1632. The greatest thing he did was to give London this marvellous dome of St Paul's. See page 10.

## IRAK IN THE LEAGUE

### CHILD OF A BRITISH MANDATE

The World's Oldest Country  
Welcomed at Geneva

### THE ARAB STATE

The meetings of the League this autumn have been relieved by one of the happiest experiences it has known.

It has welcomed within its ranks one of its own children grown to manhood and responsibility.

This new member is Irak, which has passed its youth under a British Mandate. By the Treaty of Versailles the country was handed over to British administration until it was grown up enough to rule itself.

By the irony of history M. Politis, the Greek President of the Assembly, was in the chair at Geneva to welcome the descendant of the races with whom his remote ancestors had waged a herculean conflict for mastery.

For the land which is now known as Irak has within its boundaries Nineveh and Babylon, Cunaxa and Arbela, and many another famous ancient city.

### Abraham's First Home

It is, of course, the Mesopotamia of the Bible, embracing Assyria and Babylonia, and the cradle of religion and civilisation of half the world. Here, we are told, was the Garden of Eden and the first home of Abraham.

Its capital is Bagdad, the home of the Arabian Nights.

The Arabs, a proud and noble race which has left so enduring a mark wherever its members have established themselves, have proved once more in Irak its right to contribute its quota to the well-being of the world in council at Geneva.

Situated at the cross-roads of the great trade routes Irak will have an important part to play in the future.

### Tribute to King Feisal

A glowing tribute to King Feisal and his Ministers was paid by the British delegate, who declared that without their wise and energetic cooperation it would have been impossible, whatever might have been the goodwill of the Power discharging the Mandate, for the young State to qualify for its new position of honour and responsibility in the short space of 12 years.

It was a proud day for this country too, proving once more the capacity of our administration and its encouragement of liberty and progress throughout the world.

But above all it was a triumph for the League of Nations, confounding the cynical critics who declared that the system of Mandates was only a cloak for annexation of territories by its more powerful members.



## SCOTSMAN'S EXAMPLE TO EUROPE

DISARMAMENT THE WAY  
A Pretty Piece of Peacemaking  
By the League

### POLITICIANS PLEASE COPY

By Our League Correspondent

A League of Nations man who set out for Liberia last June has come back to tell his tale of peacemaking among the many warring tribes of that country.

*This is what he found at the end of June.*

Along sixty miles of coast and the adjoining district all tribes fully armed with guns and spears, at war with each other or with the Government; fighting going on since last year; four tribes, numbering 12,000 people, driven deeper and deeper into the bush with no shelter and with insufficient food; more than forty towns burned to the ground; crops destroyed and fishing at a standstill for want of canoes; fear, suspicion, and armed watchfulness everywhere.

More than that. Through the bush swift runners constantly keeping up communications with brother tribes in the British colonies of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast; arms and ammunition smuggled in, and excited recruits from these colonies eager to cross the border.

### Holding Palavers

*This is what the League Commissioner did, in company with a representative of the Liberian Government.*

Up and down the district they went, on foot, by canoe or by surf-boat, fording rivers on rough rafts or even on foot, often finding no houses in which to sleep, the areas being devastated.

They listened to grievances against Government or against unpopular chiefs, they heard the claims of ambitious leaders, they looked into disputes about land and boundary lines, they visited every tribe in turn.

Then they held palavers. The chiefs sat round while the League Commissioner pointed out where boundary lines were to be cut through the high bush, laid across swamps and along rivers; maps, with full description and details, were given to each chief, as well as to the Government, these being the first surveys ever made in this region.

### A Complete Truce

A complete truce for one year was then agreed upon and justice was demanded in certain acts of reparation. A town destroyed by fire was to be rebuilt by those who burned it, compensation to be paid for the destruction of canoes, a village bell to be returned, prisoners of war to be released, captive women and children to be sent home.

Last, but not least, all tribes were to be disarmed. This the chiefs themselves requested and everyone wanted it, being in such constant fear of one another. The Commissioner, in his report to the League, says:

"It was clear that there never could be peace while the country was virtually an armed camp. The deprivation of arms is in itself a great incentive to peace; the sight of a gun tempts to war, spears and knives calling for greater individual courage."

### Peace Ceremonies

*Finally, there were solemn peace ceremonies among at least twenty tribes.*

In the presence of the League Commissioner and the Government representative the chiefs solemnly ate kola nut with pepper and salt on the edge of a razor blade and swore faithfully to keep the truce. Within two months the League man set sail again for Geneva, having stopped all fighting and set normal life going again for many thousands of human beings.

That is a piece of League work, told without exaggeration, and the man who did the job was Dr Melville Mackenzie, a Scotsman whom everybody trusted.

## HEROES OF THE PERSEE

The Lieutenant of Great  
Courage

### BRAVE CREWS OF SEA MONSTERS

There has been another unhappy submarine accident.

The *Persee* was making speed trials on the surface when the combustion chamber of one of the Diesel engines burst, killing one man and injuring 30.

Lieutenant Bertrand, the commander, was on the conning tower when the explosion took place. For aught he knew the *Persee* would sink in a few minutes, to lie for ever at the bottom. He could have kept himself afloat till he was picked up by a trawler or three other submarines in the vicinity, but instead he went below, and the conning tower hatch was shut over him.

The ship was filled with smoke, because a fire had broken out after the explosion, but because everyone kept their heads and acted promptly the fire was soon put out. The chief mechanic, M. Prenat, had been badly burned, but he crept to the engine-room and stopped the engines. Another severely injured man, M. L'Herminier, the second in command, was courageously going round verifying the controls.

### In the Dark

The electric current had been switched off, for fear of another fire.

To the darkness and the suffocating smoke another horror was added—the sound of running water. Naturally the crew believed that it was water rushing in through a leak. It was really coming from a broken pipe.

They must all have felt that the submarine was their coffin. But they stood to their posts faithfully and bravely, and the *Persee* was saved.

A trawler towed her to port, and the wounded received first-aid, but some died of their injuries.

It is stirring to read of the courage that saved the ship. But it is terrible to think that the nations have not yet abolished these monsters of the sea.

## HIS LAST BUS

End of a Very Fine Story

### OLD BILL'S FAREWELL

A bus does not often take part in a funeral procession, but then few buses have lived the life of chargers. If a field-marshal's horse follows its master to the grave so may a driver's bus.

The bus that replaced a charger began life in the streets of pre-war London, served across the Channel, and during the war was known to soldiers as Old Bill.

The driver was London born, though his parents were German. When war was declared Harry Hubner decided to fight for England. The authorities gave him lorries and buses to drive, and he had some amazing adventures with them.

Once the bus was buried by a direct hit. Once his lorry was blown over an embankment by an explosion. And once he found himself cut off by the German ranks, and drove right through them. It would have been safer to surrender, but neither driver nor lorry wanted to be prisoners, and they tore through.

Bringing up supplies was a dangerous business, but Old Bill and Driver Hubner came through the war unhurt; the driver has just ended his days in the London he loved. Old Bill, very fittingly, followed him to the grave.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Bernini . . . . .	Bair-nee-nee
Cunaxa . . . . .	Ku-naks-ah
Einsiedeln . . . . .	Ine-zee-deln
Guanajuato . . . . .	Gwah-nah-hwah-to
Ruahine . . . . .	Ru-a-hi-nee
Ruanda . . . . .	Roo-ahn-dah

## THREE LITTLE MAIDS OF CHELTENHAM

One of Them at 90

### STORY OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

Three little maids set off for school one February morning more than 80 years ago.

It was their first day at the new Ladies College at Cheltenham just opened by their father, William Dobson, the famous headmaster of the Cheltenham Boys College. It was largely because of his determination to give his daughters as good an education as their brothers that this pioneer school for girls was founded.

Now the news has come that Miss Kate Dobson, the eldest of the three girls who did their sums at Cheltenham so long ago, has passed away at 90.

She was a remarkable old lady, and those fortunate enough to have been her friends must have heard her tell many anecdotes of famous Victorians such as Matthew Arnold, whose family she knew well, Mrs Humphry Ward, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Tennyson's nieces, the daughters of Professor Lushington, who lived in Kent near Tennyson's Brook, were her friends.

### The Joy of Travel

Kate and her father were constant companions until his death in 1867. He encouraged her to develop her tastes in archaeology, botany, and many other subjects. She learned languages with enthusiasm, and her general knowledge was unusually wide and accurate.

Travel was her greatest joy in life. Her father took her to the East when she was 20. They visited Palestine and rode to Jerusalem. That was in the sixties, and since then she had been to many remote parts of the Earth. She went to Java and India, and at 72 she went to see the Victoria Falls. Only when crippled by rheumatism was she obliged to stop her travels, but in spite of her lameness she joined in all the excursions of an archaeological society to which she belonged, and there are not many churches and old buildings in the Cotswolds which she did not know.

## 200 MILES HOME

Feat of a Young Pigeon

One of the wonders of Nature is the instinct of pigeons, and all boy and girl naturalists will be interested in the feat of a young pigeon only three months out of the egg.

It belonged to Mr A. C. Hall, the well-known pigeon trainer of Palmer's Green, and it had never been a yard from its loft when he gave it to a friend.

Soon after it had been taken to Sheffield and placed in a loft the pigeon escaped. All round, as far as its eyes could see, was totally strange country. It might have gone north, east, or west; but the unerring homing instinct made it turn south.

Two days later, after a flight of 200 miles across this unknown land, the young pigeon fluttered into its home loft at Palmer's Green.

Mr Hall was the owner of the Arctic Star, the famous trained pigeon which flew over 760 miles from the Faroe Islands to Palmer's Green.

## NEW HOPE FOR IRELAND

After an economic war which has lasted all the summer, with severe losses to everybody, Mr de Valera and his ministers have at last held a conference with representatives of our Government.

We all hope this foolish quarrel will soon be a thing of the past and that trade will flourish again between the two countries.

Mr de Valera has not so far broken the constitutional practice of our Dominions. Although he has unfortunately secured the removal of Mr James McNeill from the office of Governor-General the removal was in accordance with recognised practice.

## COURAGE IN A PIT SHAFT

A Gallant Deed Rewarded

### TERRIBLE HAPPENINGS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH

David York has been honoured by the King, who has awarded him the Edward Medal for a very gallant act.

One June day, when the hedges were bright with wild roses and country folk were busy haymaking, something terrible happened in the depths of the earth.

Four men were descending a shaft at Pelton Colliery in Durham. They had reached a seam about 70 yards above the pit bottom when a corner of the cage caught a girder supporting the platform. With its precious human freight the cage stopped, suspended some seven feet below the platform.

### One Slender Chance

All too well the men knew the danger they were in. Any movement of the cage might send it crashing to the bottom of the pit. There seemed no hope of letting anyone know of their predicament. However, there was one slender chance of saving them. York, who was a master shifter, volunteered to try to climb up to the platform.

He managed to pull himself out of the cage into the shaft and then his task seemed impossible, for there were only a few inches of clear space below the girder. There was nothing to grip with his hands or use as a foothold but a two-inch pipe, and if he slipped he knew the cage would instantly fall. But somehow he squeezed himself through between the cage and the girder, and climbed on to the platform.

### A Desperate Attempt

Then he telephoned for help. Now that he had escaped, almost by a miracle, from a terrible fate one might have expected him to wait in safety until assistance arrived. But York was far too anxious about his three comrades to think of himself.

He went back to the shaft, told the engineman to stop winding, and then made a desperate attempt to tie up the cage and keep it from falling.

With great difficulty he fastened a cable round the chains of the cage. But he was not able to anchor it in time. There is a sad ending to the story, for the cage suddenly began to move. It crashed to the pit bottom and his comrades were killed.

But all his life David York will have the consolation of knowing that he shirked nothing, and did all that was humanly possible to save his friends.

The perils of the pit-cage were again tragically emphasised by the disaster at Leigh when 19 miners crashed to death through a winding accident.

## THINGS SAID

This is the last case I shall ever try.

Sir Henry Dickens in  
discharging Sarah Murphy

Only a few ideas separate barbarism from civilisation.

Sir Norman Angell

Every day one sheep will bite over one thousand square yards.

Mr William Rogers

We cannot go on talking about nothing indefinitely; soon we must prepare to talk sense.

Miss Betty Inskip

A man born in London today has a prospect of living 17 years longer than his grandfather.

Sir George Newman

He was highly respected by all because he loved his horses.

Said of an old coachman  
of Melton Mowbray

The true road to peace and order in the Far East lies through domestic reform in China.

Lord Lytton



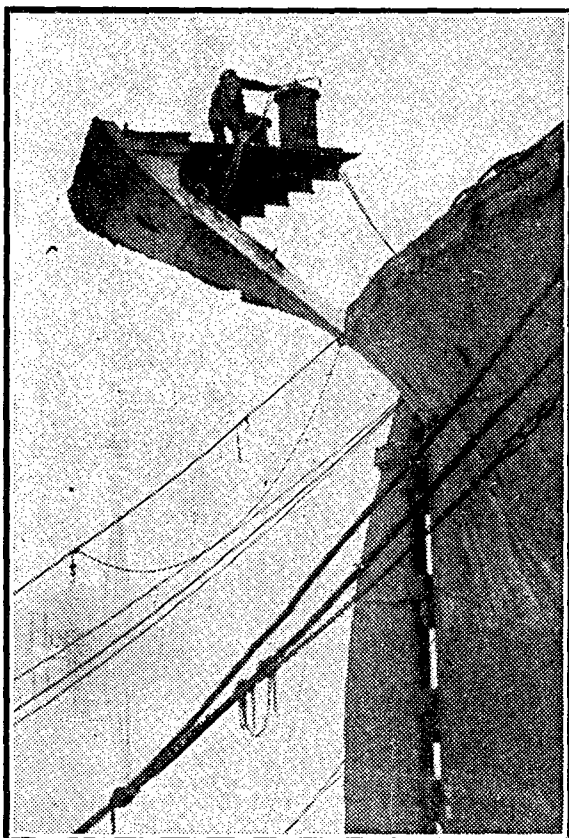
# BREAKING-UP A SHIP · A ZOO KINDERGARTEN · HOCKEY DRILL



**In Holland Today**—Although dress in Holland is fast losing its national characteristics there are many places where the people still cling to the old style of costume.



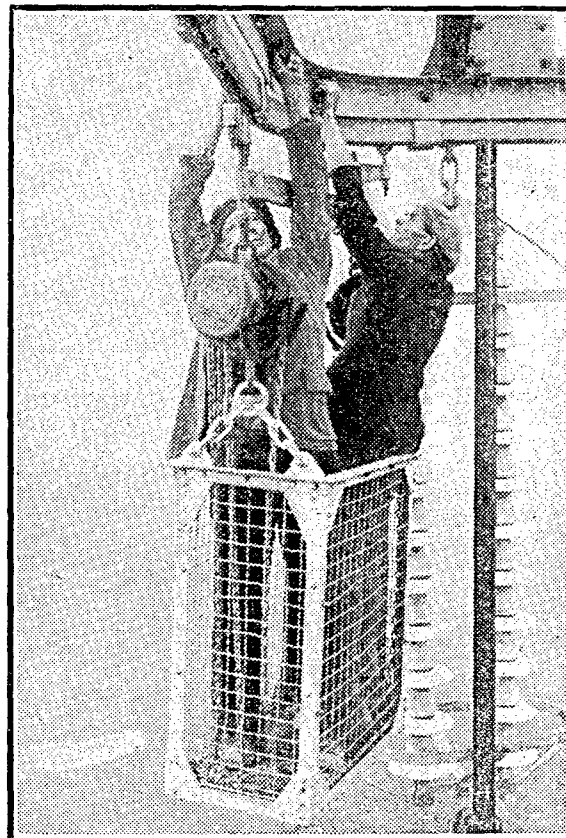
**Hockey Drill**—This is not a new way of playing hockey. The girls, who belong to Pengwern College, Cheltenham, are practising the bully-off.



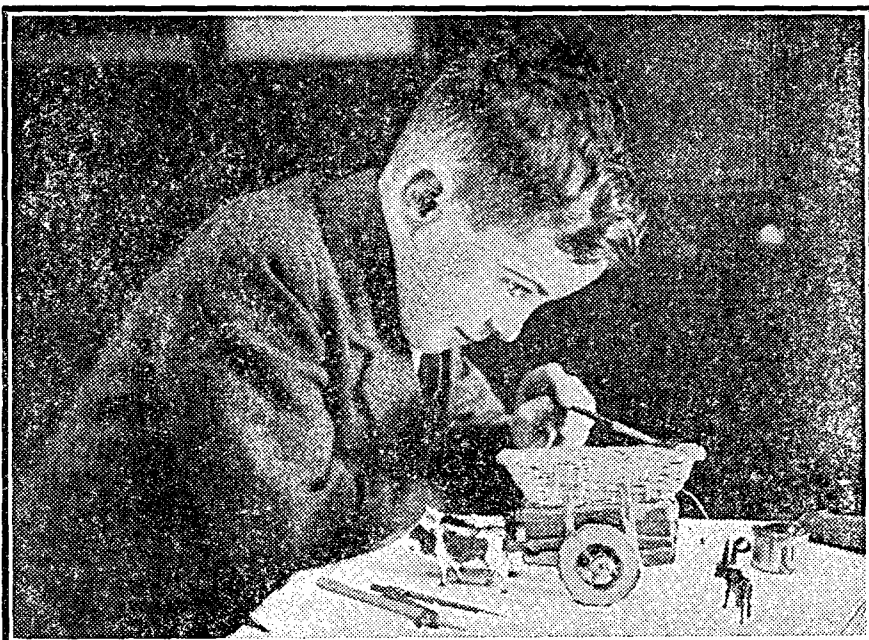
**The Shipbreaker**—Engaged in breaking-up a liner at Blyth in Northumberland, this workman appears to have left himself in an awkward position.



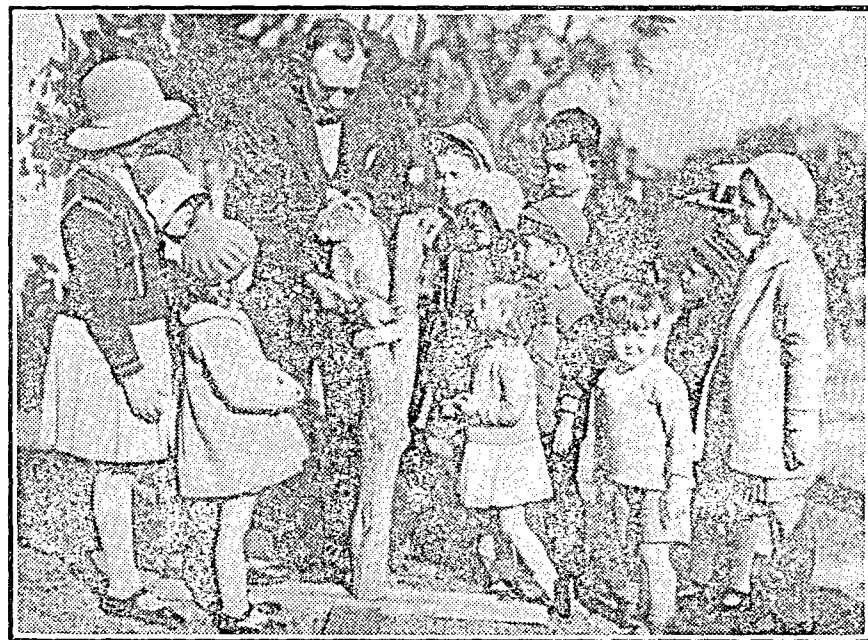
**Autumn Crocuses**—These little ones are gathering autumn crocuses, which come up when the trees are in all the glory of their autumn tints. The picture was taken in Surrey.



**On the Tallest Pylon**—After the cables had been suspended from the 487-feet-high towers at Dagenham, these men fixed a number of insulators near the summit.



**School Models**—The headmaster of the Lancing House School, Lowestoft, has a remarkable collection of lead models representing every period of history. The boys help to make some of the models. Here we see the finishing touches being put to a bullock wagon.



**A Real Teddy Bear**—Taronga Zoo in Sydney now has a kindergarten where children are given an opportunity of seeing the animals at close quarters. Here is a group of little people interested in a koala, the first exhibit in the kindergarten.



## SAVING AN EXILE TWO REVOLUTIONS AND A DANCING-CLASS

The Help-One-Another Spirit  
Working in Europe

### A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

From a Travelling Correspondent

The Russian Revolution, the Spanish Revolution, and exiled Russia's determination not to let a compatriot down were the unseen forces which produced a charming evening's entertainment in Meudon, near Paris, the other night.

The visible force was Theodore Wassilieff, once leading ballet-master of the Imperial Ballet of St Petersburg and partner of the inimitable Pavlova.

Parisians, arriving late after a drive through the forest, saw 17 fairies on the tiny stage, dressed in purest white, with fluffy skirts and satin bodices, and dancing sometimes, not always, upon the very tips of their toes, for all the world like dancers at the Opéra. Proud parents in the audience whispered "They have only had twelve lessons."

#### Something Unusual

The programme, besides giving names, gave ages also, so that one knew at once that this was something unusual. The youngest, Irene Grineff, had just turned five; the oldest was 15. What the programme did not tell was that the grandfather of one had been president of the Russian Duma, that another is a princess, and others were the daughters of taxi-drivers, factory workers, office employees, photographers, and so on; Russian exiles who fled their native land after the revolution.

The distress of these exiles was too fresh in their memories for them to turn a deaf ear to the troubles of others. Thus, when they discovered that Wassilieff, the great dancing teacher, was starving in their midst they undertook to do something about it.

#### A Cheap Place To Starve In

Mr Wassilieff had suffered, like themselves, from the upheaval in Russia, but he had been the victim of another revolution in Spain. Invited to leave his ballet at Monte Carlo to train dancers in Spain under the monarchy he found his post swept away with the incoming of the republic. And, Meudon being as cheap and charming a place to starve in as any, he was starving in Meudon.

So the exiles, to help their fellow-exile, organised a dancing-class among their children. The sum they could afford from their meagre wages was very small, and an evening's entertainment would help matters along. The children worked treble hard, knowing that on their efforts depended the fate of their master. In three brief months, with only one lesson a week, they accomplished wonders.

The last days they were whirlwinds of energy, making costumes, typing programmes, and carrying plates and glasses, while mothers made sandwiches and cakes to sell.

#### Heroism and Romance

The whole performance was a remarkable demonstration of what can be done when love and goodwill are at work. We all felt it was true to say that "a little child shall lead them."

After the traditional ballet the children danced scenes from fairy-tales, entrancing their small brothers and sisters on the two front benches. Tom Thumb made away with the Giant's seven-league boots; the Prince presented the slipper to Cinderella; Red Riding Hood eluded the wolf in the woods.

The little hall set among the great trees of the forest of Meudon, holding as it did so much heroism and romance, seemed like something taken from the Arabian Nights.

## NOTHING WRONG WITH THE LEAGUE But Something Wrong With Its Members

By Our League Correspondent

This autumn's Assembly of the League will be remembered for some very straight speaking. Mr de Valera began it; Lord Cecil continued it; and the League can no longer be accused of blindness as to its own shortcomings.

"I think something is amiss," said Lord Cecil after commending Mr de Valera's speech as extremely valuable; "but it is not so much with the League, it is with the members of the League. There is a slackening in the enthusiasm for peace, a diminution in the will to peace."

The chief failures to which people point, what are they? The present conflicts in the Far East and in South America. Consider these. If the Covenant had been faithfully applied by both parties, could these conflicts have come about? And the other member-States of the League, ought they to have acted with more vigour?

One thing is clear. One or other party must have been guilty of a breach of their duties under the Covenant. The truth is that in this matter these countries, and others, are not acting up fully to the spirit of the League.

#### Principles of the Covenant

Again, with the issues between France and Germany, no one can doubt that if the policy of each of them were fully guided by the principles of the Covenant they have accepted their difficulties, their disputes, their controversies, would automatically come to an end. The truth is this: no machinery for peace can work unless the will to peace is there. There is nothing wrong with the League as far, at least, as its machinery is concerned.

And its member-States are coming now to their great testing time. Are they ready to give practical concrete evidence that they are really willing to disarm and that their will is for peace and not for war? If they make a common agreement that they are going in for a real and substantial reduction of armaments, that will mean they have made a definite choice for peace and not for war.

There is nothing wrong with the League. On the occasions on which it fails every member-State needs to look to itself to find where the cause for that failure lies.

## THE LAST OF A PROUD HOUSE

### A Carriage King in a Workhouse

A man named Kolber has just died in a workhouse in Hungary. He was the last member of a famous family of millionaires.

This family of Kolber made their wealth from building carriages and coaches, better, we are told, than anyone else in the world at the time; and as a tram in England is named after a Mr Outram who invented it, so a certain coach or carriage was named in Hungary a Kolber; and for two hundred and fifty years the Kolbers were known as the carriage kings.

The decline of their wealth began when railways became popular, and the advent of the motor-car proved the last straw of disaster which finally broke the back of their coach business.

The last member, who has just died in this sad way, was himself an employee until four years ago, when he entered a poorhouse.

#### To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations

## THE OLD LADY OF THE LAMP

Madame Durand at 80

### FAITHFUL GUARDIAN OF BREHAT LIGHTHOUSE

Madame Durand of the Brehat Light is retiring.

Forty-two years ago her husband died, and since then she has trimmed and lit the lamps of the Brehat Lighthouse.

The coast of Brittany is rocky and tempestuous at this part. Sometimes giant waves sweep over the lighthouse itself. Brave Madame Durand has been frightened by them many a time, but she had stuck to her post.

Madame Durand is 80. Two years ago she was seized with agonising pain, but she crept up and down the 70 granite steps to trim the lamps. Even appendicitis was not allowed to interfere with her duty.

#### Grim and Happy Memories

The brave old woman has many grim memories. She has seen many wrecks, and once saw a German submarine torpedo a trawler close to the lighthouse. But she has some happy memories, too, of sailors who managed to reach the lighthouse, where she could dry their clothes, and make them boiling hot coffee, and mother them.

Her only assistant has been her daughter. The two women have proved such faithful keepers of the light that the Government has sent them four other women as pupils.

Madame Durand was the first French woman to gain a lighthouse-keeper's licence.

If ever woman deserved to enjoy her retirement she does, for her watchful care must have saved many a seaman in the last 42 years.

## THE ERRAND-BOY OF MAIDSTONE

### A Derby Winner

For the second year in succession Maidstone has held its Errand-Boy's Derby.

Will the origin of this event one day be wrapt in mystery and conjecture, like that of the Dunmow Flitch? In case it should so happen the C.N. puts it on record for the historian.

Maidstone's plan is to increase the speed and civility of her errand-boys by holding an annual race, and this year there were 60 competitors, divided into two classes, foot and wheeled.

They had to cover a course of three or four miles, and deliver envelopes at certain points on the route. They got marks for neatness and politeness as well as speed.

They ended up at the Town Hall, where the winner received 30s and every competitor had a free pass for the local cinemas.

Last year's winner also got a rise from his employer; we do not know if history has repeated itself this year.

## MAIN ROAD TO LONDON LOST

The main road to London—how immortal it seems! Men will die, and the ancient trees will die, but this road (we say to ourselves) will be here for ever.

But a discovery has just been made that shakes such a belief.

A road 21 feet wide and metalled a foot thick with flint has been found in a cornfield at Barcombe Mills.

The Romans made it when the Roman Empire was at the height of its power. It was a road from London to Lewes.

The four railway groups receive at their stations, depots, and offices a million letters a day.

## JAPAN'S SEIZURE OF MANCHURIA

### LEAGUE INQUIRY INTO IT

The Lytton Report and the  
Proposed Way Out

### PLAN FOR PEACEFUL PROGRESS

The League of Nations has published a historic document, the unanimous report of the Lytton Commission on Manchuria.

The representatives of England, France, Italy, Germany, and America have all agreed on what has happened, what is happening, and what is the best thing that can be done to solve the international tangle in this vast area as large as France and Germany put together.

The first thing recognised—and it is a factor which will colour all future events whatever may befall—is that the population of Manchuria is overwhelmingly Chinese and has never expressed any wish to be separated from the rest of China.

#### Protecting a Railway

Though during Civil War the local rulers have declared it independent of the Central Government of China, the Commission declares this territory to be legally an integral part of China. By right of treaty Japan controls a railway and a strip of territory running from the sea into the heart of Manchuria, and can maintain as many as 15,000 soldiers for its protection. On the plea of self-defence Japan has seized a large area of what was indisputably Chinese territory, and has declared it independent of China, giving it a new name and calling it a Republic.

The Commission declares that both the return to the old conditions and the maintenance and recognition of the present regime would be equally unsatisfactory. Leaving things as they are would be incompatible both with the principle of existing international obligations and with the good understanding between the two countries on which peace in the Far East depends. It is doubtful if it would serve the permanent interests of Japan herself.

#### Interests of Other Powers

The Report goes on to point out that other Powers also have interests to defend. China must be maintained as a sovereign Power, for her break-up would lead to grave international rivalries. Asserting that the interests of peace are the same all over the world, it declares that any loss of confidence in the application of the principles of the Covenant and of the Pact of Paris in any part of the world diminishes their value everywhere.

By far the most valuable part of the Report is in its proposals for the future. It recommends the establishment of an Advisory Conference of representatives of China and Japan and of two delegations from the inhabitants of Manchuria. This Conference should plan a special regime for the future administration of Manchuria's three eastern provinces.

#### Four Treaties

At the same time Japan and China, should discuss their points in dispute, and the results should be embodied in four separate agreements:

1. A declaration by the Government of China constituting a special administration of the three provinces on the terms agreed upon.

2. A treaty between China and Japan dealing with Japanese interests.

3. A general treaty of conciliation and mutual assistance.

4. A commercial treaty.

Each country must give up something in the interests of future peace, China its intolerant nationalism and organised boycotts, and Japan its policy of isolating Manchuria from the problems of her general relations with China.







## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 22 1932

## To Cynics Everywhere

WE know the world is mad, that the politicians have betrayed the people; but we know that the world moves in spite of all, and moves to better things.

Will the cynic, who talks and writes so much of the League's failures, please spare a moment for its success?

The oldest land in the world has been born again. The Arabs have come back as a power in the world after a thousand years, and it is the work of Geneva. On the Third of October, 1932, Irak became a member of the League of Nations. *She is the first child of the League.* While the cynics have been sneering and the doubters have been scoffing this Arab State has been moulded and shaped as a new nation in the world. It was a very great day for Peace, which must for ever be building-up if it is to live.

What a contrast between the inner meaning and the outer ceremony of this day! Here, in the sombre Assembly, the routine of admission to the League was carried through, and His Excellency Noury Pasha el-Said, Prime Minister, in faultless English, made his maiden speech.

But under this quiet outer ceremony what wealth of meaning lay! Irak, the Mesopotamia of the Bible, of which memories are still vivid in the hearts and minds of many of our countrymen; Irak, once the home of Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib, where lie the stones of Nineveh and Babylon; Irak, which guards the records of Abraham and of Ur of the Chaldees; Irak, within whose borders lay the Garden of Eden and whose soil was washed by the Great Flood; Irak, in the revolving cycle of history, comes to the gates of a new era. What may not the future hold for it!

Its people are members of the great Arab race dominating East and West alike through many centuries, bearing hither and thither the flaming torch of civilisation, then disappearing for a thousand years from the community of free peoples. Today in Morocco, in Egypt, in Palestine, in Syria, the Arab race lives under foreign rulership, but today Irak has become free.

Will not that freedom become for them all a beacon light calling to them to follow?

Already we know that Syria becomes restless. In Palestine the situation is complicated and difficult; in Transjordan the nomad Bedouins scorn the life of cities and institutions; but Arabs in Syria, not cut off by desert from the Western World as are the Iraki, are more developed than they, and the Irak Prime Minister expressed the hope that these brothers also would soon be welcomed as members of the League.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Crinoline Ladies

IN certain old houses there are some strange, in-curling banisters on the staircases. In Bath particularly there are a good many of these, and not long ago, in going over a nursing home there, we noticed this and asked the reason.

We were told that the banisters were curved in at the foot in order to make the stairs wide enough for the crinoline ladies who used to go up and down them!

## Four Words

THE feeling for beautiful language comes early and lasts a lifetime.

We should like to thank whoever composed the notice hanging outside a chapel we passed one day down Stepney way for his taste in words. He had a group of lovely sounding syllables floating on a banner. They were: *Warmth, Light, Companionship, Song.* Was not this a comfortable invitation for the dwellers in mean streets to come within and discover the practical meaning of this engaging quartette of nouns?

## Name, Please

IT is suggested that a railway station should bear the name of the county, and it is a good idea.

But would it not be best to begin by seeing that all our stations bear the name of the town or village so that we can see them from outside.

Every motorist passes hundreds of stations of which he cannot see the name. We wonder if anything could be more stupid in these days than the words *Railway Station* without the slightest indication of which of our seven thousand railway stations it is.

It is more than time that every station and every post office in the whole United Kingdom had its name plain for all to see.

## A Prayer at Geneva

Eternal God, Father of All Souls, grant unto us such a clear vision of the sin of war that we may earnestly seek that cooperation between nations which alone can make war impossible.

As man by his invention has made the whole world into one neighbourhood, grant that he may by his cooperation make the whole world into one brotherhood. Help us to break down all race prejudice. Stay the greed of those who profit by war and the ambitions of those who seek conquest drenched in blood.

Guide all statesmen to seek a just basis for international action in the interests of Peace.

Arouse in the whole body of the people an adventurous willingness; as they sacrificed greatly for war, so also for International Goodwill to dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely, and to achieve triumphantly. Prayer in Geneva Cathedral for the 13th Assembly of the League

## Rent Free For Life

SILAS VIVIAN had a little home in Plymouth. He was ordered to quit. An eviction order was issued.

Then it became known that Silas was 100. The notice to quit was cancelled. Silas Vivian is to live rent free for the rest of his life.

It would be a poor sort of world if we turned people of 100 out into the streets.

## The Waiter

THE other day, in Paris, a gentleman who had some business to transact with an official in the French Foreign Office handed an attendant his visiting card, which bore these words:

*Mr Nicolai Petrow,  
Privy Councillor and Imperial Russian  
Minister of Transports but for the Revolution, which turned him into a waiter.*

## Tip-Cat

AN architect thinks English houses are too dark. Do foreign ones put them in the shade?

FATHERS are the best workers, says an employer. Sons are below par.

AN amateur conjurer writes on how to make a coin vanish. We would rather know how not to.

A WOMAN who runs her own business

thinks there is an advantage in having a man about. But she likes to know what he is about.

A WRITER says a man needs a background to his life. Most

are satisfied if they have money behind them.

AN English firm has invented an extra hard wearing carpet. It can't be beaten.

WATER varies in hardness according to the district. At the North Pole it is usually very hard.

A HOLIDAY-MAKER says there is something lacking at the average picnic. Not flies.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

BOYS of Trent Bridge School have collected a ton of fruit and eggs for Nottingham Hospital.

HALF A MILLION trees have been planted along Italy's new roads in four years.

THERE are 13 members of Parliament who do not draw their salaries.

## JUST AN IDEA

*It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.*

## The Monuments of London

By Our Town Girl

THROUGH London's close-built ways a wanderer went; Few roads, he said, have not their monument.

EVEN some hidden street will bear the name Of one who lived there, or whose influence came

GRACING that way; or here a tablet shows Where one was born whom all the world now knows.

SOMETIMES it is a statue in a square; I pause to see a great man standing there.

LONG has he gone, long left this Earth of ours, No more he counts the passing years—the hours;

GUEST to Eternity he is, while we, bereft, Reap yet the ripened fruitfulness he left.

LONDON, it seems at times, the wanderer said, Is one great roll of honour for her dead.

## C.N. Philosophies

## Trust

TRUST is the conscious reliance on success, the expectation of good, the confidence in people and circumstances. Trust is the courage of mind. It is the state of being of those who have nothing to fear.

The ancients gave so much importance to this quality that the Hebrew language, for instance, included no fewer than fourteen synonyms for it.

Trust is indeed one of the most precious treasures of man as the basis of individual success, social happiness, and political liberty, because it gives a sense of freedom that nothing else gives.

Trust is the esteem of oneself extended to others. The newspaper boy who leaves his papers to the care of passers-by is spared the anxiety of doubt. The blind old beggar who asks you to count his pennies in his cap for him is spared the trouble of suspicion.

Trust gives birth to assurance, security, relaxation, calm, and peace. It makes all things easier, it accelerates a healing, it solves difficult problems. We receive in exact proportion as we trust.

## The Peace the World Cannot Give

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Book of Common Prayer

No servant can serve two masters.  
Jesus



## GUINEA GOLD

### A JUNGLE TAMED BY BRITISH PLANES

Romantic Story of an Island of the Southern Seas

### 90,000 SQUARE MILES UNKNOWN

For centuries New Guinea has existed in the same way.

Natives carry on their primitive crafts; they make fire by rubbing two sticks together, they go head hunting, and some of them are cannibals. They are as they always have been. White men have come and touched the fringe of the island, but the interior still belonged to primitive man.

A corner of the curtain that has, for so long, lain over the jungles of the interior has at last been lifted and a narrow stretch from the coast of Salamaua to Wau, 3500 feet above sea-level, has been opened to the white man. And it was the sturdiness and efficiency of British aeroplanes that made it possible.

#### Rumours of Gold

As is so often the case, gold and rumours of gold led to the opening: Guinea Gold. Even in the modern nineteen-thirties that phrase has a romantic ring about it.

It was in 1926 that it was first established that gold existed in the Wau district. It was 35 miles from the coast; there were many natives who could be employed as carriers, and men flocked to the coast, eager to make their fortunes.

But it was not as easy as it sounded. Such bare track as existed led through impenetrable jungle, up mountains, across torrential rivers, and jungle so thick that the sun did not penetrate it. Native carriers will take 50 pounds of stores apiece. But they require two pounds of food daily, and they had to carry enough to enable them to have sufficient food for the return journey.

#### An Airman Appears

The situation was so difficult that the Administration prohibited anyone from trying to reach the goldfield unless they had £1000 in cash or stores. It was the only way to prevent a series of tragedies.

At this stage an Australian airman appeared on the scene. Just as it looked as if the gold must be left as it had been for centuries, out of reach of white men, Lieutenant E. A. Mustard, formerly of the R.A.A.F., purchased a plane from the Civil Aviation Department. Accompanied by Mr Mullens, a ground engineer, he took off from Rabaul, 450 miles from the goldfield, crossed the sea (a risky job for a land plane), and landed near Salamaua on the coast. From there he set out in search of the goldfield.

#### The First Landing

Three times he started and three times he returned, although the distance was only 35 miles. He could not find the place he was looking for simply because there was nothing there. The few miners huts could not be seen from an aeroplane flying over dense jungle, especially as the miners were not looking out for him. Eventually the miners spread a sheet on the ground, and the airman saw it and made the first landing at the goldfield.

The miners were overjoyed. It meant fresh stores for them and no more weary journeys on foot. The natives were equally delighted, regarding the Great White Bird with awe.

After this Lieutenant Mustard made regular journeys to and fro.

The story of this fight with the jungle has been told by Mr A Cross, who went out to assist Lieutenant Mustard.

British planes with the Bristol Jupiter engine were used entirely, and for the last five years stores have been taken

## THE RIGHT WAY WITH THE IDLE

At an exhibition lately held in London we were glad to see a long stall covered with vegetables grown by unemployed men on the waste marshland at Abbey Wood, near Woolwich, which had been derelict for 20 years.

This splendid scheme of giving work to the unemployed is taking root in many parts of England and Wales. Last year men who grew vegetables on allotments repaid, by means of their produce, £17,000 of the £40,000 spent on helping them. To set the work going this year over £18,000 has been already collected by sympathisers, and it is expected that the men will repay at least half of that sum.

It was in 1928 that the Society of Friends began this all-important work, and after they had started it the Government took over the scheme and

contributed about £20,000. Unfortunately the State repented of this wise if small expenditure, and in the economy scare of 1931 the National Government actually withdrew its aid. Undismayed, the Society of Friends pushed on with private funds, and over 60,000 allotment holders raised between them £400,000 worth of food.

Now again the Government has changed its mind, and a grant is to be made up to £10,000 to the Society of Friends on the basis of one pound for one pound raised by the Society, with a further grant of £25,000 made on the basis of one Government pound for every two pounds raised by the Society.

For our part, we can only express our astonishment at the paltry contribution of the Government to work of such outstanding importance.

## A DARTMOOR PONY COMES TO TOWN



A round-up on Dartmoor



The sturdy little Dartmoor ponies are occasionally round-up and broken-in to harness. Some of them are brought to London, and here is one that a young rider is taking on a shopping expedition in the suburbs.

Continued from the previous column

regularly over the Stone Age jungle. Last year 2997 tons of cargo were carried.

Five years ago Wau was a native village, practically inaccessible to white men. Now it is a thriving settlement with 650 white inhabitants, dependent entirely on communication with civilisation by air. Material for building, food, clothes, and cargo of every description are carried by the aeroplanes. During the whole time only one serious accident has occurred.

Mr Cross believes that the aeroplanes will be the means of opening up much of this back country, which has not even

been explored. It covers 90,000 square miles, and its mineral and vegetable resources are unknown.

Yet, while British planes cut through the blue sky above, in the dark jungle beneath the primitive life goes on. Cannibalism and head hunting still go on, devil worship is rampant; but as the white man pushes inland his influence grows and begins to dominate. Missionaries and traders are beginning to break down ignorance and superstition, and the glittering planes which bring food to the White men there carry also a message of future peace for the Black.

See World Map

## THE BLIND BURROWER

### ARRU-JARRU-JU

A Little Hermit Finds a New Home in the British Museum

### FROM OOLDEA TO KENSINGTON IN A MILK TIN

A little animal, blind and deaf and dumb, has reached England from South Australia, and after a short rest on the Editor's desk has gone on to South Kensington, where an honoured place has been found for it in the Natural History Museum.

Caught unawares and killed by an Aboriginal's dog this little animal, rarely seen even in Australia (for he lives far below the surface of the ground) was sent to the Editor by Mrs Daisy Bates from her tent at Ooldea, on the edge of civilisation.

She had wanted to photograph him for the C.N., but could not do so, and sent the little fellow himself. He made his journey to England in a condensed-milk tin, securely wrapped in spirit-soaked cotton wool, and arrived in perfect condition, a charming creature about the size of an English mole.

#### A Home 60 Feet Underground

He actually is a mole, but there is nothing common about him. He is one of the most rare and interesting marsupials in the world, with the scientific name of *Notoryctes Typhlops*, though known to the natives as Arru-jarru-ju.

The name marsupial is given to all animals which, like kangaroos, carry their young in a pouch, but no one has ever yet seen an Arru-jarru-ju with a young one in her pouch, for mother and babies remain in their tunnelled home sixty feet or more below the surface of the sandhills until the babies are mature.

It is well for Mother Arru-jarru-ju that she keeps out of reach of trappers, for she has the loveliest fur coat of glossy gold to match the sand she makes her home. Her hands are two strong claws with three rudimentary fingers, and her tiny feet are webbed, though she never sees water in her deep tunnelled house.

#### Feet That Act as Shovels

Unlike the ordinary European mole, who can only live in moist firm soil, she exists only in dry sandy deserts. With her two claws she burrows her way through the sandhills, the webbed feet acting as shovels to shift the sand out of the burrow, and the little horny tail acting as a lever. Her quaint round nose is horny too, probably for pushing against the sand to find out whether it is burrowable.

Out of their hills these creatures cannot live. They must have a great depth of sand to work and feed and live in. Only sometimes after good rains do they come to the surface, and then but for a few seconds. The light seems to affect them at once. Several times during the cool seasons they may climb up to smell the fresh rain-washed air, but they cannot live above ground and that is why they are so rarely found.

#### A Very Rare Specimen

For food there are worms and other denizens of the underworld, but the rarity of the quaint little mammal has prevented scientific study of its habits and mode of living and breeding.

Even the natives can give no information about the creature's habits or young. Vestiges of eyes have been noted by some scientific observers, but the numbers of specimens received for examination are too few to determine whether it has always been blind, deaf, and dumb.

It is understandable that our Natural History Museum at South Kensington welcomed this strange visitor in a milk tin as a valuable addition to its collection, and we assure our friend Mrs Bates that Arru-jarru-ju has found a good home.



## ALAIN GERBAULT OFF AGAIN

### One More Lone Voyage? WILL IT BE THE LAST?

Alain Gerbault is off again on another lone voyage to the islands of his dreams.

As quietly as possible he slipped off the other day from Marseilles, not in the Firecrest, but in a new little cutter of nine tons he has named after himself. In such secrecy had he kept his plans that only a few friends came to say Goodbye as he left the shores of France perhaps for ever.

C.N. readers who followed his previous adventures will learn with regret that this may be Gerbault's last voyage, for he has told his friends that he may never return to France or even to civilisation. He intends to cross the Atlantic and take his little craft through the Panama Canal. Then he will sail across the Pacific to the Polynesian islands.

This poet and navigator, once a tennis star, has the true spirit of the old explorers. He scorns luxuries and has taken with him only bare necessities. During the voyage he will live on a simple diet of porridge, rice, and peas. He has also taken with him a stock of sugar, 400 pounds of boiled potatoes, and nearly 50 gallons of water, and his stores should last for four months.

In one of the three cabins of his boat is an ancient chest. Once it was supposed to have belonged to a pirate, and it may have witnessed some thrilling adventures on the high seas. Another cabin is fitted up as a study with a log book, maps, and some special cameras for sea photography.

### THE DANGER OF DRINK ON THE ROAD

Three drunken motorists came before a London magistrate the other day, and in suspending the licence of one of them the magistrate said this.

No words of mine can add to the force of the fact that 7000 people were killed and 193,000 injured on the roads last year.

How many of these accidents were due to drink I don't know, but where a man in charge of what may be a lethal weapon like a motor-car is under the influence of drink in such circumstances as this the Court is driven not to interfere with what the Legislature has considered to be the right thing to do, that a man shall be deprived of his licence for twelve months.

### THE INVENTORS OF 1932

Inventing seems to be a rest for the mind when we look at the exhibitors at the International Inventions Exhibition in London. For a naval engineer has made a baby's automatic feeding-bottle, an accountant a milk-bottle holder and pourer, a dentist a portable clothes-drier, and a medical man a hoax-proof fire alarm!

An endless list includes the following: a clip which abolishes the collar stud, fastening shirt neck or collar to shirt; a safety razor whose blade is locked within it; an electric screen-wiper which cleans all the screen; an anti-dazzle headlamp which absorbs the dazzling rays and passes the horizontal ones; and car lights which will switch on by themselves!

### FOR THE BLIND

In a recent C.N. it was stated that Mr A. A. Kennedy of Minehead, a volunteer Braille writer, was blind. We are happy to state that this is not so, but that Mr Kennedy's excellent work is carried out for the benefit of those who are thus afflicted.

## HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

### Many Bags But Too Cheap

*Ba-Ba, Black Sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.*

There is so much wool in the world that wool-growers have to accept very low prices for it.

The world has been growing more wool than it can pay for; but that is very different from saying that the world has more wool than it wants.

Alas for the poor sheep farmers! So many people who want woollen goods cannot afford to pay much for them, and many others have to go without some of the warm woollen things they want.

This means that the farmers in Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, the chief wool-growing countries of the Empire, are not even getting enough for their wool to pay for the cost of growing it.

Most of the wool from these Dominions is shipped to Yorkshire to keep the mills busy, but a good deal finds its way to France, Germany, and Japan.

### SWISS SURPRISES

Switzerland leads the world in electric railways. It is now preparing to add another 250 miles to those existing.

This is a big achievement for a small country. Skill and courageous enterprise come into play, but also a vivid realisation of the power the country possesses in its water supply and determination to harness it to the use and purposes of the people. Water does the work of coal by making possible a constant supply of electricity, and many are the beautiful mountain lakes which have been made in recent years from dammed streams and drowned valleys. The new one is planned for the Etzel plateau near Einsiedeln, nearly 3000 feet up, and it will be five miles long and nearly a mile wide.

The little town of Einsiedeln is already a surprise to most people who, visiting Switzerland, think of it as a Protestant country. For here is a very devout centre of Roman Catholicism. Its immense church attracts thousands of pilgrims at certain seasons, and everywhere are the small shops and booths filled with mementoes and objects of piety such as Roman Catholics love to take home.

### A ROAD IN THE MAKING

The Great North Road is said to be the finest in England, and certainly, to anyone who motors along it from the south to the north of England, this is not hard to believe. It is a marvellous road the whole way.

Now we are told that the by-pass road which is in process of being made at Dorking will be the most beautiful of all our roads. Part of it is being cut through the rhododendron-covered slopes of Deepdene Park, and we know the profusion of heather and gorse that stretch across other parts of Surrey through which the present roads from London wander.

As this by-pass road will be used a great deal by Londoners at the week-ends it rests upon them to keep it beautiful.

### WHAT FOUR BOYS FOUND

Four Bradford boys who have been pupils at Bradford Grammar School and are now about to enter the University spent their holidays this summer in antiquarian research.

They made a thorough examination of the Old Manor House at Esholt, in the West Riding, and it is believed that they have discovered traces of the foundation of an old 12th-century nunnery, on the site of which the Manor House, now owned by the Bradford Corporation, stands. The boys intend writing a history of it from the date when it was founded to the time of its closure in the 16th century.

## PREPARING FOR BETTER DAYS

### 330,000 Idle Getting Ready To Work

During the year ending March last 11,700 courses of training for unemployed young people under 24 years old were held in Germany.

More than 330,000 young people took advantage of these courses, which were of many different kinds. The weekly time-table varied from 12 to 20 hours, more than half the time being given to practical work, which was most popular. Large numbers of those who attended the courses, particularly those in domestic economy and agriculture, were able to find employment, and with every improvement in trade and industry the rest of these young people will be among those who will find jobs.

The greater part of the expense was borne by the Federal Employment Exchange and Unemployment Insurance Institute, but many other organisations joined with it in planning and carrying out the courses as well as with donations in cash or in kind.

### THE WONDERFUL DOG

This remarkable story was sent to The Times by Mr Warner Allen.

Some time ago I returned late from work, as a journalist is wont to do. My dog, a cross-bred Irish and Yorkshire terrier, otherwise a quaint mongrel, called Dan, met me on the step and went for his walk. When we came in I carried out the traditional ritual of putting the chain on the door and expected him to carry out his part of the programme—to run upstairs and curl up in his basket on the landing.

To my amazement Dan lay down on guard in front of the door and would not budge. I cursed him mildly, and told him to go to bed, but he just growled at me contemptuously. He was so obstinate that I left him and went upstairs. There I discovered that my wife was not in her room as I had expected. She had gone out to the theatre with friends. I came down and took the chain off the door. Instantly Dan went to bed, and gave his mistress a vociferous welcome when she used her latchkey half an hour later.

### FAIR PLAY

The Admiral commanding the United States Navy has issued orders that fair play must be the rule in athletic contests, the following rules to be observed:

Consider all athletic opponents as guests, and treat them as such.

Accept all decisions of officials without protest.

Never hiss or boo a player or official. Never utter abusive or irritating remarks from the sidelines.

Applaud opponents for good play and good sportsmanship.

Never "rattle" an opposing player. Seek to win by fair means only.

Love sport for the game's sake and not for what a victory may bring.

Win without boasting and lose without excuse.

### ONE WOODEN SPOON

How many people there are who have a little room, a few empty jam jars, a preserving-pan, a knife, and a wooden spoon! But how few of them lay the foundations of a big business with these commonplace things!

There has just died in Oxford an old lady of 84 who made marmalade in a small room, and made it so well that the people who had bought it out of kindness came back asking for more and more. She made a few pence profit on the first batch, but as she went on the copper turned to silver and then to gold. A big Oxford firm of provision makers is founded on the first pot of marmalade made by Mrs Frank Cooper, the amateur.

## 2 AND 2

### What Do They Make?

### LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL SURPRISES A GREAT STATESMAN

There is an amusing story about M. Clemenceau in one of the new books.

The author's father was French Ambassador to Athens. Soon after the first board schools were opened in Crete M. Clemenceau consented to inspect one.

The great man appeared. Imagine the excitement! But there was a small girl who did not lose her head.

M. Clemenceau looked round the awe-struck children and thought he would ask an easy question to put them at their ease and end the suspense of their teachers.

"Tell me, little girls," he said, "what do two and two make?"

"That depends," piped a little voice.

Horror must have been writ large on the faces of her teachers. How had she got the notion that numbers varied like the weather?

The small voice explained: "If you put one on top of the other they make four. But if you put one by the side of the other they make 22."

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed M. Clemenceau. So the little girl felt that she had taught the great statesman something, and wondered why everyone had seemed to be frightened of the ignorant fellow.

### CHEAP COTTAGES FOR THE COUNTRY

In Norfolk the Rural Council of Docking has just contracted for the erection of cottages for agricultural labourers at what seems the very low price of £285 each.

These little homes, which are to be built at Burnham Market, are each to contain a good-sized living room, a kitchen, a washhouse with separate door, and three bedrooms. The cottages will be in pairs and each will have one-sixth of an acre of garden.

The low cost of the cottages will enable them to be let at a rent of 3s 6d a week, inclusive of rates.

So many local authorities are interested in housing, and the matter is so important, that we hope the facts will be brought to the attention of a wide circle.

### GIANTS AND PYGMIES

What is your record high jump? Dr Joe Church, of the Church Missionary Society, who is in England on furlough, works in Ruanda, Central Africa, among the Batutsi, who are champion jumpers.

"My young hospital boy," he told a C.N. representative, "can jump over my head when I have a sun helmet on, and I am nearly six feet. Many of the men can clear well over seven feet. They are men of fine physique, some of them as tall as 6 feet 10. Every chief of the race has his troop of athletes, who are not only champion jumpers, but fine dancers and experts with bow and arrow. The chiefs also keep a few pygmies to do iron and pottery work."

So there are both giants and pygmies in every village in Ruanda.

### KIPLING'S TALES

Mr Kipling has made a capital volume to give away to those who love his animal tales.

He has collected them all into one book with pictures by Stuart Tresilian, and it is jolly to come in this way upon the Maltese Cat, Rikki tikki tavi, Toomai of the Elephants, and the White Seal and the Albatross it picked up with. There are some excellent colour plates, and the book, which is called Animal Stories and published at six shillings by Macmillan, is sure and pure delight.



October 22, 1932

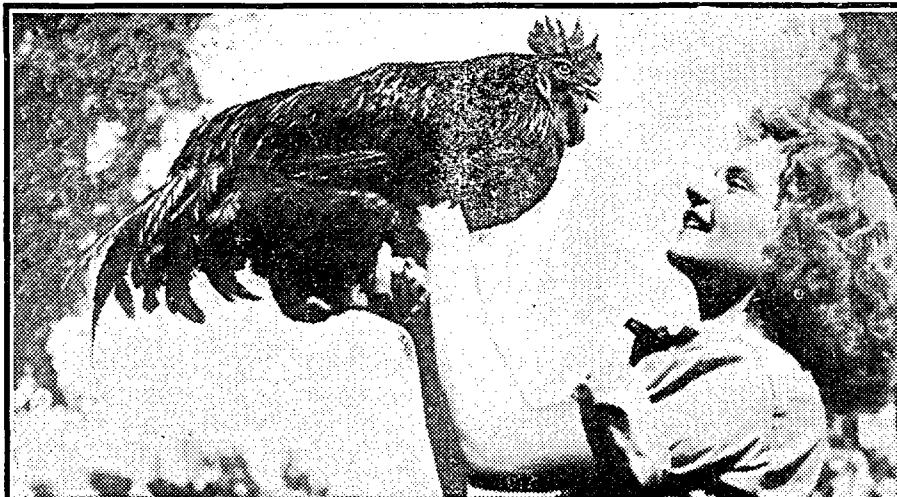
The Children's Newspaper

9

# LAYING A CABLE · FLYING BOAT'S CONTROL ROOM · MODEL RAILWAY



**A Champion**—This is the champion poodle exhibited at the recent Kennel Club Show.



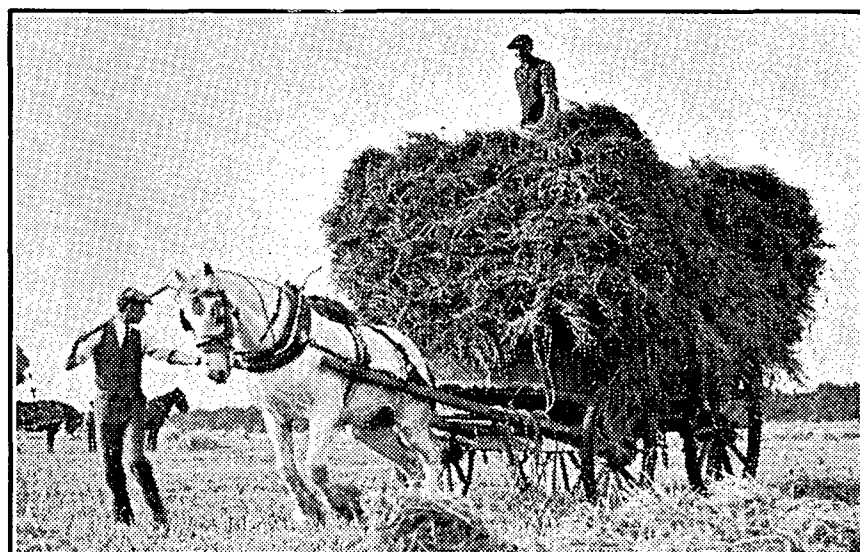
**Cock-a-Doodle-Do**—A prize rooster at the Los Angeles county fair held up for the admiration of visitors—and the photographer.



**At the Crystal Palace**—An Afghan hound, one of 5000 dogs at the Kennel Club Show.



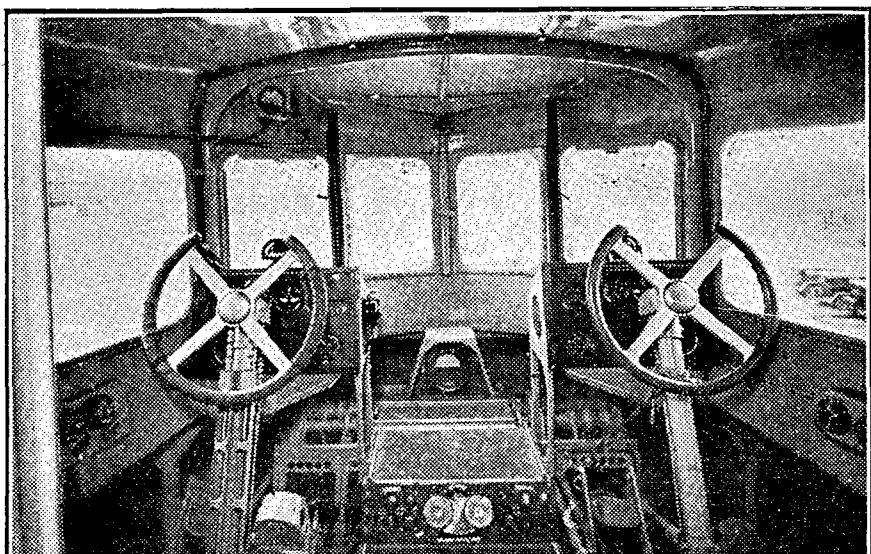
**Landing the Cable**—A new telephone cable 55 miles long has been laid from St Margaret's Bay, Kent, to the coast of Belgium. Here we see the landing of the English end of the cable, marked by buoys. Thirty new telephone circuits will now be available.



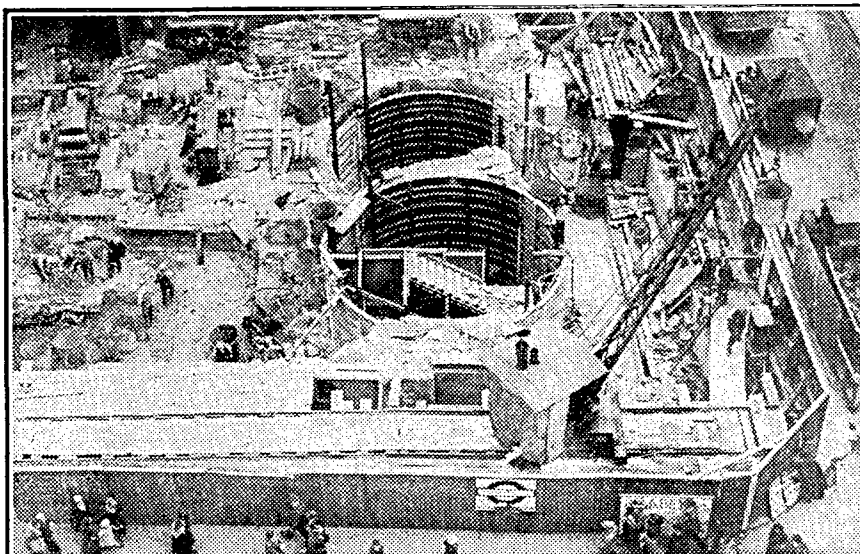
**Late Harvesting**—The weather delayed some of the harvesting this year, but with a spell of October sunshine there was renewed activity on the farms and all was safely gathered in. Our picture was taken in a barley field at Cholsey in Berkshire.



**Railway Types in Miniature**—Many types of locomotives from the earliest to the latest are represented on this big model railway, shown at the North London Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace.



**The Pilot's Cabin**—This photograph shows the navigating room of an aeroplane with controls for two pilots. It was taken on board the Dornier Dox, the biggest flying-boat in the world.



**Underground Lift Shafts**—Now that the new Marble Arch Tube station is open the old one is being demolished. Little is left of the old station save the two big lift shafts shown here.



## TREE OF DEATH THAT WOULD NOT DIE

### Another Victory Over the Tsetse Fly

#### REMARKABLE DISCOVERY AT LEEDS

While the world's attention is taken up by speed records that matter very little discoveries that matter much sometimes pass unnoticed.

Quietly and patiently Professor J. H. Priestley and his staff at Leeds University have been carrying out experiments in Yorkshire which may result in banishing the tsetse fly from vast tracts of the Earth at present unfit for the habitation of mankind.

In Tanganyika Territory the need of exterminating this scourge is becoming every day more urgent, for the presence of the fly is holding back the development of the country.

Although it has been proved that it entirely disappears from regions cleared of all trees and scrub the most drastic efforts of the Tsetse Fly Commission in destroying vegetation have not yet been successful. The pest still causes disease to men and death to animals.

#### A Baffling Secret

Savannah bush covers vast tracts of the land, and this is one of the most difficult plants to kill. For thousands of years the species has survived in spite of heat, drought, flood, and fire. In the botanical laboratories of the university, at the Leeds Waterworks forestation at Fewston, Professor Priestley and his staff have been trying to find out the secret of the almost supernatural power of resistance possessed by this tree.

Among the discoveries they made was the important fact that new shoots and branches, as they grow on the tree, are not entirely dependent on the roots for nourishment. They suck water also from the old wood in the trunk, so that if the tree is cut down it may go on growing. When the wood in the trunk is sucked dry it is left full of water vapour. It was found that by cutting the trunk in a certain way liquid can be injected to take the place of the vapour. By filling these spaces in the wood with poison the trees can be killed, so that a way has probably been found of exterminating the growth of the savannah scrub.

## HIS OLD FRIEND THE COCKATOO

### A Bird Remembers

There is an Australian cockatoo in captivity at Wanganui, New Zealand, over 50 years old.

A cockatoo is a kind of parrot, and parrots often live to a ripe old age.

One day a resident of the Nelson district came to visit at the home where this old cockatoo lives. He was told that the bird had been brought from Nelson many years ago.

"I wonder if that cockatoo is Ginger," he said. "When I was a boy I used to play in Nelson long ago with a cockatoo named Ginger."

So he went up to the cockatoo and said, "Hello, Ginger!"

The cockatoo fluttered around as if excited and replied, "Hello, Ginger."

Apparently the cockatoo remembered him after all those years, or perhaps we should say it remembered his voice.

The present owners, who have had the bird for many years, had never before heard him utter the word Ginger.

Have any readers of the C.N., we wonder, heard of a parrot with such a long memory as that?

The bells of the noble Norman Abbey of Romsey have gone back to Whitechapel for retuning by the firm of bellfounders, Messrs Mears and Stainbank, who cast them 142 years ago.

## The Country Boy Who Gave London Its Marvellous Dome

Three hundred years ago there was born in a country rectory a boy whose lifework made London a city of lovely churches and whose genius and persistence raised high above its rooftops one of the noblest cathedrals in the world.

His name was Christopher Wren, and this is a very brief story of his long and varied life.

ON October 20, 1632, sixteen years after the death of Shakespeare, there was born, at East Knoyle in Wiltshire, a son to a chaplain of Charles Stuart, Dr Christopher Wren.

The boy was named after his father, and so frail was he that his parents never expected him to grow up, certainly not to attain the age of 90 years after labouring as hard as any man of his time. His father took great pains with his education, teaching him mathematics at home and sending him at nine to Dr Busby at Westminster.

#### Evelyn's Early Tribute

At school he learned to love Natural Science and Astronomy, and at 14 he left to study at home and to assist a famous lecturer on anatomy. At 17 he went to Oxford where, first at Wadham and then at All Souls, he pursued his scientific studies for about eight years.

At Oxford he made many friends, among them John Evelyn, who spoke of him as a rare and early prodigy of Universal Science.

In 1657 he came to London as Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, and in his room there gathered round him the men who joined him in founding the Royal Society a few years later. So devoted were these friends that when Wren returned to Oxford in 1661, as Savilian Professor of Astronomy, they secured for him the post of assistant surveyor of the royal buildings under Denham the poet, so that he could be with them once again.

#### Influence of Bernini

He was then only 29, but his amazing facility in accurate drawing and his mathematical mind soon made him proficient. In 1663 he designed Pembroke Chapel at Cambridge and the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. In the same year he was called in to report on Old St Paul's, then in a shocking state of neglect.

Two years after came the Great Plague, and, all architectural work being at a standstill, Wren went to Paris for six months. There he met Bernini, the Italian designer of the colonnade of St Peter's, Rome, who was extending the Louvre for Louis the Magnificent. So enthralled was Wren by this building and the other new creations in the classical style that he haunted the palace, peeped over Bernini's shoulder, memorised his plans, and wrote home: "I shall bring you almost all France on paper."

#### A Glorious Dream

A few months afterwards London was a heap of ashes, swept clean away and purified by the Great Fire. It seemed as though Fate had kindled the blaze to give England's genius his golden opportunity. The flames died down on September 8. By working night and day Wren produced for the king a sketch-plan for the rebuilding of London.

Like a poet inspired he drew his plans. St Paul's was to dominate the City. Round this shrine were to be gathered in a wide, sweeping circle the chief civic buildings. All alleys and lanes were to be abolished for ever. Broad avenues were to radiate from that glorious centre. The Thames was to be embanked from the Tower to Blackfriars with squares standing off the quays, each with a garden and a church. Another great square was to contain all the Halls of the Livery Companies grouped round the Guildhall.

Never, perhaps, did one man dream so glorious a dream—a dream, alas! more than 300 years before its time.

Londoners would not have his plan. They built up their squalid houses on the old street and alley lines, and all the great architect had left of his plan were St Paul's, 53 churches, and 36 City Halls. And his task was the harder because the spaces left for his churches were, in many cases, cramped and awkward.

#### The Stone of Good Omen

But the greater the difficulty the higher his achievement, every church differing from its neighbours yet admirably suited to the needs of the Protestant preachers of his time. Above all, no series of towers and spires has ever been designed by one man to equal the charm and beauty of Wren's. A lovely sight were these stone miracles when London's roofs were low.

But these and the City Halls were but incidentals. Wren's main energies were concentrated on his great cathedral. For 35 years he laboured at it, meeting difficulties of construction and finance with a cheerful spirit. The story runs that amid the fallen masonry of the old church he found a stone inscribed in Latin, *I shall rise again*. Wren made this stone of good omen the first stone of new St Paul's and enshrined its motto in his heart.

#### Under the Great Dome

Though his own meagre salary of about £5 a week and the wages of his men were sometimes held back he never sulked but carried on, altering and improving his design as the years passed. The result was a miracle. St Paul's had one architect, one master mason, and was built under one Bishop; St Peter's in Rome had 13 successive architects, and 20 Popes passed away during its construction.

Before his great shrine was finished Wren became so weak physically that he had to be hauled up in a basket to superintend the building of the dome. Yet he lived 13 years longer, being carried once a year to sit and ponder in the silence under the great dome; and at 90 they bore him to rest here for ever, when his successor, asked to devise a monument in his memory, inscribed on its wall in Latin: *If you seek my monument, look around you*.

#### In Country Surroundings

Yet not in the heart of London alone are monuments of Wren's genius to be seen. At Greenwich he built the Observatory and part of the Hospital. Abingdon, Guildford, and Windsor owe him their fine Town Halls. The Tom Tower, Christ Church, and other buildings at Oxford recall their great scientist-architect. Cambridge, too, has examples of his work, including Trinity College Library, of which he was as proud as his modest nature would permit.

Into many country houses he introduced the warm red brick allied with white stone, making them appear native to their country surroundings. Of these mansions Belton House in Lincolnshire is, perhaps, the most beautiful; and who is there who does not love the Orangery aglow beside the green of Kensington Gardens.

The Fountain Court at Hampton Court Palace, where he passed his last years, Chelsea Hospital, Marlborough House, Winchester Barracks and School Room, and Morden College, Blackheath, were all designed by his master hand.

Nor must we forget quaint Temple Bar, though it is hidden away now in Hertfordshire, or the Monument to the Fire itself, that fire which gave Wren the opportunity of a lifetime and to us those shrines of beauty that make London a treasure house and an inspiration.

## WHAT THE EARLY RISER SAW

### The Horse and Its Sleeping Driver

#### AND MR POLICEMAN

By Our Hungary Correspondent

It has been said that early risers are "conceited all the morning and stupid all the afternoon." Be that as it may, the early riser does sometimes see things which his lazier fellows miss.

This is what one who left his bed at six o'clock the other day saw from his study window in a quiet backwater of Buda, which is the older, simpler, and ever-so-much better half of Budapest.

A rustic milkcart drawn by a large bay horse came ambling down the street, disturbing the pigeons so that they rose in a fluttering slate-grey cloud all agleam with silver linings. On the box of the cart sat the driver, all hunched up, sleeping the sleep of the just; and behind the cart came a policeman, walking as one who is stalking a quarry.

#### Waiting For Their Milk

Intrigued by the possibilities of the situation the watcher leaned out to see how it was going to develop; and even as he looked the horse drew up, unbidden, before the grocer's shop next door. The driver woke, rubbed his eyes, and, addressing the world at large, asked wonderingly: "What, have we arrived?"

Thereupon the policeman spoke.

"You have," he said benignly smiling. "I must say you are a gifted sleeper. I hated to wake you up, so I've been following you for the last twenty minutes to see that you came to no harm. And, by the way, you'd better return to the baker's round the corner when you've finished here. Your horse stood there for at least three minutes, but as nothing happened he walked on. They're still waiting for their milk over there."

Touching his hat sheepishly the man climbed down from his box, the policeman walked on, while the watcher in the window wondered whether in this very human world, where even animals can be so humanly intelligent, there is anything quite so human as a policeman?

## LONDON SPREADING

### Thinning the Centre

The great feature of the London Census returns is that they show how the population is wisely redistributing itself.

The crowded people of County Council London are moving out to Greater London and beyond.

The latest big railway move is the long-delayed extension of the Piccadilly Tube railway to Cockfosters. It is hoped to complete this next year, when the work will have cost £5,000,000.

Around these new Tube stations will spring up the usual new London suburbs, complete with shops and churches and halls. By this extension many thousands more of London's population will reach out to the border line of the country.

This Tube extension has provided work for over 12,000 men.

## ADVERTISEMENTS TO BEWARE OF

### Robbing the Unemployed

Another case is reported in which a gang of men have been trading upon misfortune by issuing advertisements offering to employ poor people on payment of a deposit of 3s 6d.

A heavy sentence has been passed on men who obtained a large sum of money in this way. In return for 3s 6d they sent, not work, but a worthless pamphlet.

Wide circulation should be given to these facts, and no one should be so foolish as to send money in answer to advertisements offering work in return for a cash deposit.



## THE EYE OF THE BULL

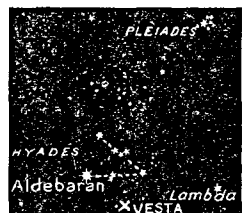
One of the Marvels of  
the Heavens  
GIANT ALDEBARAN AND  
TINY VESTA

By the C.N. Astronomer

The crescent Moon will appear very close to Mars early on Monday morning, October 24, and not much more than twice her own apparent width away.

Mars should be looked for in the south-east sky, between 3 and 5 o'clock, before the dawn begins to dim him. At present he is about as bright as Regulus, a little way to the left of the Moon.

By October 26 the Moon will appear close to Jupiter and, with Venus a little way to the left, a charming picture will be presented in the dawn in the eastern sky.



The position of Vesta relative to Aldebaran and the Hyades

These worlds were described in the C.N. last week.

We see that the morning sky continues to display the chief spectacular attractions, but a glance in the late evening toward the eastern heavens will show what a glorious assemblage is coming to entertain us for the winter.

One of the foremost of these is Aldebaran, whose reddish gleams help us to identify it in its curious position in the V formed by the Hyades, as shown in our star-map. Aldebaran is the brightest star in the constellation of Taurus, the Bull, and is situated in the right eye of this animal as it charges Orion, the hunter.

Taurus is one of the oldest constellations, at least 8000 years; Aldebaran was known 5000 years ago in Babylonia as the Leading Star of Stars.

To us Aldebaran is now known as a giant sun, and one of the marvels of the heavens on account of its immensity. It has a diameter of about 32,928,000 miles, so that were the centre of Aldebaran no farther away than the centre of our Sun we would have a great rosy-tinted sun 38 times wider than our Sun in the heavens.

Its surface would not be as hot, for it averages about 3800 degrees Centigrade; whereas that of our Sun is between 5500 and 6000 degrees; yet the total heat radiated down upon us would be very considerably greater, for Aldebaran is nearly 55,000 times the size of our Sun, with a surface some 1444 times greater. When it is remembered that much of this surface would come about 16 million miles nearer than the surface of our Sun it becomes obvious that, were Aldebaran where our Sun is, we should be subjected to heat at least a thousand times greater.

### The Stars and Our World

Actually Aldebaran is somewhere about 71,333 million times the size of our Earth, whereas the Sun is only 1,300,000 times larger; but as Aldebaran is about 3,600,000 times farther away than our Sun, it only appears to us as a star. From this we learn how immense the stars are by comparison with our little world.

Just now there happens to be an unfamiliar little world appearing a little to the south-west of Aldebaran. This is Vesta, which, though smaller than England, may be seen with good field-glasses during the next few weeks when the Moon is out of the way. The present position of Vesta is shown by an X on the star-map. It is getting nearer to us, and appears slightly brighter during November, while it travels farther to the right of Aldebaran. Vesta may, therefore, be easily identified by its movement among the numerous small stars in this region. This tiny world will be dealt with in greater detail next week.

G. F. M.

## THE SCHOOL WITH SHUT DOORS

Archbishop Abbot's Old  
Building at Guildford

The recent closing-down of Archbishop Abbot's school, at Guildford after over 350 years of fine work is a sad example of the difficulty in which educational foundations often find themselves in these days.

It is not always lack of money to carry on so much as the need for fresh funds to adapt a school to modern needs. A good modern school, to meet the Board of Education's requirements, must have sufficient acreage for games, it now being recognised that the mere ability to read and write is not the sum total of education. Ability to accept defeat, to play the game, to be sportsmanlike, is worth far more than an ability to make entries in a book.

### Games and Schoolwork

It is true that many city schools have playing fields outside their boundaries, but it is far better for the grounds to join the school so that games may be as intimate a part of the curriculum as arithmetic or science. Too often it proves difficult, or at least expensive, to provide the new gymnasium, science laboratories, or workshops now recognised as necessary to a good education, for boys and girls need training in other things than book learning if they are to be well-balanced citizens of a pioneering country like ours.

That, perhaps, is one explanation why Guildford has not pressed its Education Authority to take over this ancient foundation school adjoining the town's venerable hospital.

But, though no longer best for schools, such buildings often prove valuable and worth preserving for the admiration of future generations. There are many Grammar School buildings up and down the country which have outlived their earlier value as educational institutions, often through lack of accommodation or need of adequate light and air, but are of sufficient architectural or historic interest to be preserved for some useful purpose, such as a library or museum. We wish a long life yet to Archbishop Abbot's old building.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### Where is King Edward VII Land?

At the eastern end of the Great Ice Barrier of the Antarctic. It was discovered and named by Scott in January, 1902.

### What Do the Letters on a Penny Mean?

George the Fifth, by the grace of God King of all the Britons, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India.

### How Did Cornwall Get Its Name?

It is derived from Kerniw, Welsh for Horn, and the Saxon name of Wealas for the Britons. The horn refers to the characteristic promontories of this county.

### How Many Planets Have Been Discovered?

The Earth is a planet; the other seven, in the order of their relative nearness to the Earth, are: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

### Why is Black Isle So Named?

This peninsula in the south-east of Ross and Cromarty, Scotland, is so-called from the fact that in winter, when snow lies around, it does not lie on the wooded ridge of Mulbuie, which stands out black in comparison.

### Why is the Ground Colour of St Andrew's Flag Blue?

Tradition says that when the Picts and Scots were hard pressed by the Saxons they prayed to St Andrew for help and, seeing in the blue sky a white cross formed by the clouds, they took this as an answer of victory and, rushing into battle, defeated their foes. After the victory they adopted the St Andrew's Cross as their emblem.

## ACCOMPLISHED SPIDERS AT THE ZOO

INSECTS WHO SIGN  
THEIR WEBS

Remarkable Exhibits From  
the South of France

### END OF FOUR FRIENDS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Among the new autumn exhibits in the Insect House at the Zoo is a collection of clever spiders from the South of France. They are known as either zebra or signature spiders, for they owe their descriptive name to their striped colouring and earn the other through their habit of autographing their webs.

Whenever one of these spiders spins a web he finishes the work by scrawling a thick signature across one small section of the web from the outside to the centre; and although the autograph is illegible it has something of the appearance of sky-writing and is quite distinctive.

### An Interesting Study

All the members of the Zoo's collection of signature spiders have been thoughtful enough to weave webs for the benefit of their visitors; two of them have tried to be even more helpful, for they celebrated their arrival at the Zoo by laying eggs.

Each clutch of eggs has been wrapped in a silken blanket and rolled into a ball by the mother spider, and the balls may be seen suspended from a corner of the cage. In the spring it is hoped that two families of baby spiders will make their appearance in the Insect House.

These new spiders provide visitors with an interesting study of the ways of their kind at feeding-time. If any of the flies given to them as food happens to fall on the web the owner of the web hastily spins a strand of silk over the fly to secure it, and, having thus made sure of having something in the larder, goes forth in search of a share of further rations elsewhere.

### Two Little Newcomers

A pair of grey squirrels have presented the Small Mammal House with two little newcomers.

The baby squirrels are twins, but they cannot be described as rare youngsters, for, as everyone knows, the grey squirrel increases at an alarming rate when allowed to be at large.

The parents were captured by the Zoo when the campaign to exterminate the grey squirrels in the parks was begun; but although they seemed quite content to live in a small confined space the Zoo did not imagine they would feel sufficiently at home to rear a family. However, one day the keeper noticed that straw was disappearing from the indoor den, and a few days later he discovered that the female squirrel was guarding a nursery containing twins.

### Poor Old Rajah

She had not made a nursery for her offspring in her sleeping-box, but had built a nest on a ledge situated below the level of the floor of the den in the passage between the squirrels indoor and outdoor apartments.

It was the most secluded spot she could have chosen. The baby animals are doing well and are the owners of very fine bushy tails.

The Zoo has had the misfortune to lose one of the rarest inmates of the menagerie, the aye-aye, and three well-known favourites: Felix, the tame cheetah who used to be taken for walks round the Gardens on a lead; Snowball, the snow-leopard; and poor old Rajah, the famous tame tiger who retired from public view some time ago.

I taught  
Dad!

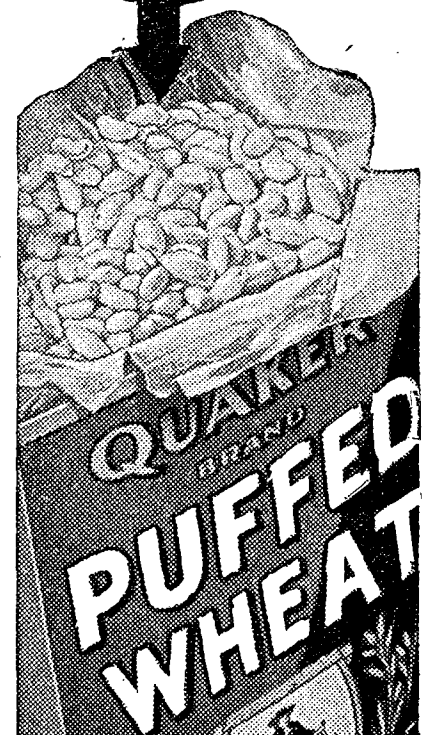


DICK'S proud of the fact that he introduced Dad to Puffed Wheat. His breakfast-table smile is worth seeing. Mother is delighted, too, because she knows the nourishment that these tempting grains provide.

A special "twice-crisping" process, crisps them once—then again. Then seals them piping-hot into the new Seal Krisp package, which prevents any dampness or variation in temperature affecting the contents.

Get Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer... let your family enjoy these enticing foods... new in their extra crisp flavour.

THIS IS  
THE SPECIAL  
SEAL KRISP  
PACKET



Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London



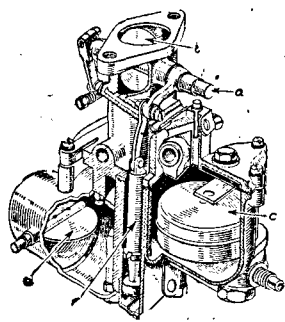
## A NEW ABC OF MOTORING FOR AMATEUR AND EXPERT

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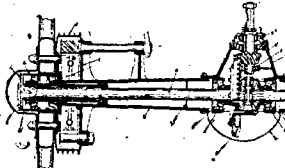
Written throughout by experts and superbly illustrated with thousands of practical working diagrams, this new work should prove of the utmost value to any boy contemplating a career in any branch of motoring or motor engineering and of the greatest possible interest to those who are keen on knowing details of different types of cars, both old and new, and how they work. The **MOTORING ENCYCLOPEDIA** is as fascinating as a story book and you can buy it for only 6d. a week.



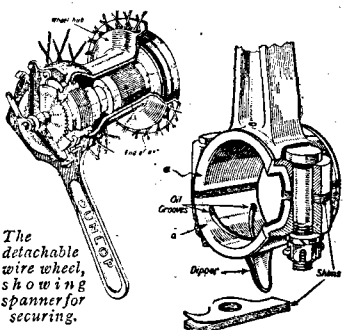
## What is a Carburettor?

Here is one of the twenty-two Section Diagrams that make clear the construction and adjustment of every standard type of Carburettor.

Here also are three more reproductions of the many simple but interesting mechanical diagrams from the pages of the **MOTORING ENCYCLOPEDIA**, which contains over 2,500 Pictures and Working Diagrams, and will tell you all you want to know about motoring, motor cycling and motor touring.



The Back Axle complete, showing propeller shaft, bevel gear, all bearings, castings and wheel and hub.



The detachable wire wheel, showing spanner for securing.

The Big End of Connecting Rod with divided bushes.

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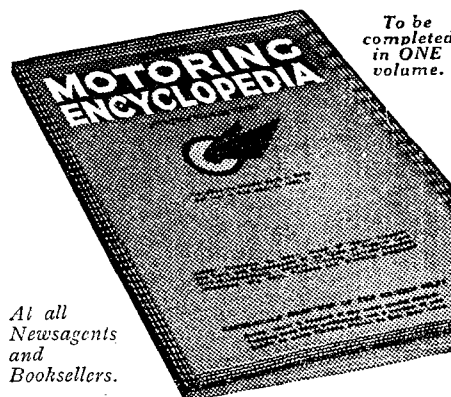
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## A QUEER STORY Two Men Lose a Lion

An unusual lion story has been sent to us by a Tanganyika schoolboy.

Two big game hunters were collecting wild animals for a German zoo. They had caught a wildebeest which was too old to be of any use, so one of them had a bright idea—at least, that was what he considered it.

C.N. readers will agree that it was a black idea, for these two men misused the privilege of intelligence with which humans are endowed, and let a lion into the boma (a circle of thorn bushes) in which the wildebeest was imprisoned.

They watched expectantly for what they called the fun to begin, hoping there would be a terrible fight in which the older animal would be killed; and they had kinema apparatus ready, intending to make a film of the event which might bring them much money.

### No Laughing Matter

Man proposes, but God disposes. The result was as much a surprise as long ago when Daniel was put into the den of lions. As soon as the old wildebeest saw the lion it snorted and, with head down and tail up, charged.

A lion is more experienced than a human in these matters, and knows that the charge of a wildebeest, even when it is old, is no laughing matter. This one did not like the look of things at all, and ran twice round the boma with the wildebeest after it. Almost before the kinema operators realised what was happening the lion gave a great leap, cleared the boma, and made itself so scarce that it has never since been found.

The two men had their just reward. They were left with a worthless wildebeest and lost a lion worth £40.

The boy who sent us the story tells us that some months ago, as he and another boy were coming home from school, they met a lioness which stood quite near their path and watched them pass.

## WHEN A RIVER DRIED UP Looking After the Trout

What happens to the fish when a river dries up?

That is what some people wondered when they heard that seekers after gold in the Kawarau River in New Zealand had closed the dam so as to be able to search the bed of the river for gold.

But the trout were not forgotten. The Lakes District Acclimatisation Society sent a man to see what was happening.

It was found that trout of all sizes, from tiny three-inch fish up to eight-pounders, were lying about on the gravel below the dam. Others were suffering captivity in pools that had formed in the low places in the river-bed.

Taking pity on the fish a number of helpers set to work and returned over 400 fish into the river above the dam.

## WHO WAS BECKET?

Born London, 1118. Died Canterbury, 1170.

Of Norman parentage, Thomas Becket showed extraordinary ability as a young man, and, securing the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was employed to win the Papal recognition of the Plantagenet dynasty on the English throne.

From 1155 Becket was Chancellor: ostentatious, unscrupulous, and worldly. Then, in 1162, the Archbishopric of Canterbury was forced upon him by Henry II.

The office wrought a miracle in his life. The worldly gave place to the stern ascetic and champion of the Church. He asserted her rights, and boldly denied the Royal prerogative, but was forced to fly to France and remain in exile for six out of his eight-years primacy.

The struggle ended in his assassination at the altar of Canterbury Cathedral by knights acting upon the exclamation of the King: "Of the cowards that eat my bread, will none rid me of this turbulent priest?"

## A PIT BOY GOES TO PARLIAMENT And Writes His Story

*A Man's Life.* By Jack Lawson, M.P. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

Not many autobiographies are written with such a mastery of language as this story of a pit boy who won a way through almost insuperable difficulties and became an M.P.

Strong words and a vigorous style carry the reader through chapter after chapter of first-hand and first-rate description of the life of a typical miner's family.

Many pages express the writer's political views. But everybody reading this book will be given an insight into the life of thousands of colliery homes and realise something of the amazing "patience, fortitude, and selflessness, pressed down and running over," which are taken for granted in a miner's home.

### Nursemaid and Housemaid

Jack Lawson was one of ten children brought up in a three-roomed cottage, always crowded and congested.

Food was often so scarce that his mother had to beg for skate backs thrown away by the fishmonger to feed her hungry family.

Until he was 12 and started work in the pit, that Aladdin's Cave of his childhood dreams, Jack had a little schooling and a great deal of nursemaid's and housemaid's work to do. He brought up several brothers and sisters.

His father and mother were made of the stuff of heroes, and the picture of the stern, forceful personality of Mrs Lawson is the best thing in the book. We can well believe that "she never threatened; she acted."

### Close to Nature

Mercifully for Jack and his brothers and sisters their early years were spent close to Nature. Although they moved to Boldon in Durham, a grim industrial town, when he was still a boy, and he spent the best part of twenty years doubled up in narrow passages in the blackness of the mine, he never forgot his early impressions.

There are passages of great beauty in the book where he describes the setting of his early home.

During the long years he spent as a pit boy, busy for ten hours a day, at first at a penny an hour, at "the most-disagreeable, dangerous, trying work in the world," he had no opportunity and no guidance in bettering his conditions. Temptations were all round him in his leisure hours, but he never drank or smoked; he only wanted books, and experience taught him what "a misery-making thing is gambling, promising everything and giving nothing."

### At Ruskin College

In spite of his tumultuous home life he managed to educate himself by reading in nearly all his spare time. Gradually he emerged from obscurity and became a spokesman for his fellow-miners. We follow Jack Lawson through his career, and read how he studied at Ruskin College, Oxford, while his wife took a place as domestic servant in the town, until the great day when he became financial secretary to the War Office.

Throughout the book Mr Lawson keeps himself as much as he can in the background, so eager is he to paint a picture of his fellow-miners, "men straight and true as steel and as selfless as a saint when a man was in danger in the deeps below."

One thing interests us particularly in this modest yet stirring book. It is the only autobiography we remember of these days which has not even a portrait of its author.



# TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Twenty ships lying at anchor in the bay! They arouse Jim's interest, for nothing ever seems to happen in Polgelly, where he lives with old Captain Ben.

Miles Maravin, of the Guadeloupe Inn, is interested too, though he won't admit it. And so, quite evidently, is a mysterious, somewhat forbidding-looking stranger, who has ascended the cliff to gaze at them.

The mystery deepens when Captain Ben fails that night to come home. Jim goes in search of him.

## CHAPTER 5

### When Night Fell

ONCE clear of the cottage and at the bottom of that long winding path up which Miles Maravin had come climbing at noon, Jim gave himself a pause.

At the foot of the path were three ways which the Captain might have taken. He might have taken the chalky road to the village. But what to do there? For a crack in the Guadeloupe Inn, and a bite of supper with Miles Maravin afterwards? Yet hard to suppose he could come to harm on that road where every furlong was the plainest of sailing.

Or he might have merely gone as far as the inn, then taken to the grass and climbed to the top of the cliffs, as the shell man had done. It were easier up there to picture him helpless, having, perhaps, sustained a fall, so far from chance by-passers. But wherefore, again, should the old gentleman court such steep climbing when his telescope brought the bay to his garden?

Jim stood hesitating. He looked to his right, to his left. Had Captain Ben taken the third way he must turn left, and drop downward toward the rocks till he hit on the track that tortuously rounded the promontory in order to sheer at once and lead you back inland to the big house of Squire Deedwinnick among the trees.

No gentle passage that, to choose even by daylight, since before the craggy headland lay safely behind, so that the seas were no longer licking the cliff-base below, a crumbling rock or false step might well be the end of you. And if hazardous by day of what peril by night!

Yet, pointing as it did to the most likely event, it was this peril of the passage that resolved Jim. Had Captain Ben gone to the Squire, as occasionally he did, to save his legs he would follow no other road. And might have met with an accident on his way back.

Jim knew the track well, and he had his torch also; but for all that he soon went with his heart in his mouth, so fitfully was the moon conceding her light and so sombrely the ruinous cliff leaned above him, to spare him here and there little more than width for his feet. Indeed, on one corner he came with such suddenness that he had very nearly planted his next step in air, and backing to the rock he leaned against it till his breath flowed more steadily.

He splayed his torch, and found its ray giving out. For all that, this unpleasant corner must be encompassed.

His torch was out, the sky all a dim dappled gloom, yet how often had he passed here by light of day. The longer he waited the more his distaste would increase; in which reflection he set his face to the cliff's face, braced his palms against it, and cautiously edged himself round with his back to the sea. On the instant, as he knew, he found the track widening, there was room for a mule-cart on it, or three men abreast, and he went forward at a slow pace, calling Captain Ben's name and stopping every now and again to peer on the ground.

So he struggled on, in some plight from the darkness.

And now he felt the path beginning to dip, causing him to long the more for the moon in order to take his bearings before he proceeded. For hereabouts, as he knew, the track split in two, sending one thin tongue, scarce a ribbon's breadth, down to the shore, and curling the other upward on the cliff's lip. Had he missed that upward fork and descended too far?

He tuned his ears to the steady moan of the sea, attempting thus to measure its distance below. He groped forward again: stood to listen again: and decided. There was need to retrace his steps and find the curl upward.

Presently he discovered it, as he supposed, yet so much steeper and rougher than all recollection that when he had clambered some way he was barely astonished to feel his fingers closing round tussocks of grass, and judged himself lost

on some shelf or other of the cliff from which he might pitch headlong.

What with the darkness of the night, his bitter vexation, the fatigue of his body and mind, and the imminent peril in which he was placed, had he given way it could not have counted against him.

But he set his teeth doggedly and crouched very still, waiting for the moonlight, hearing the waves; until the cold began to gather in his cramped limbs, while a dull and measured sound came stealing up from the obscurity of the ocean.

It was then at last that the moon remembered her office. Too long content to sulk behind curtains of cloud, she drew these aside and passed, drifting palely, between. When encouraged, as it were, she glowed into radiance which lighted up the skies and the waters and land, showing Jim that his cry was in truth a spur of the rock, clothed in stubborn herbage and dizzily hanging to overlook the bay itself where the ships lay.

That his life had hung on a thread was plain to perceive. A spectacle more astounding spread out below. For on the edge of the sea a ship's boat was beaching; and, carrying himself with a one-sided swing, a man stepped out of her and came up the sand.

Jim recognised now the dull, measured sound he had caught; it was that of the boat pulling in from one of the ships. Then he set his eyes on her passenger and observed that the man held on, like one well assured of his way, toward the foot of the cliff on his left whence the ribbon of path mounted before it joined the track to the Squire's. Jim craned his neck to watch where the man disappeared, and lost sight of him in the boulders at the path's foot.

What business had this seaman with Mr Deedwinnick? What business could have brought him by dead of night?

But while this crowded Jim's mind his own plight pricked sharply. In a shiver he scanned the way he had so blindly climbed, and, remembering how often it is easier to climb than descend, he fitted the precept to his present position and was puzzling how to find another way down when his eyes surprised something else which held him.

The boat had been drawn up the beach, where she lay on the tilt, while the two men who had pulled her in rested alongside, waiting evidently to take their passenger back. But now in the fullest stream of the moon Jim detected that their heads dropped forward, nodding upon their chests. And a third figure he perceived which, flat on its stomach, was dragging its length across the sand like a worm. Till it reached the lee of the boat, where it reared its head silently to bring its eyes to the level of her stern timbers. When for the briefest instant of time a pin-point of light shone.

At once it crossed Jim's mind what the creature was after. The name of the vessel from which the boat had put off would certainly be written on the boat's stern? And that furtive figure which was even now worming back in its former fashion, unseen, unheard, by either of the drowsy seamen, had wriggled down to the sea to read the ship's name. For some ill purpose; or he had not come in this fashion. Of prior design; or he had not been on the watch for just such an opportunity.

Jim could trace him crawling away with the same circumspection, until, approaching the shadow thrown by the cliff, he rose upright. For a moment his form stood revealed before the night swallowed it.

But this glimpse of him on his feet had sent Jim's heart thumping. For those misshapen legs were the legs of his mysterious shell-hunter.

## CHAPTER 6

### Missing!

Now what should make a member of learned societies, as Jim remembered this fellow had proclaimed himself, go crawling by night on his stomach to learn a ship's name.

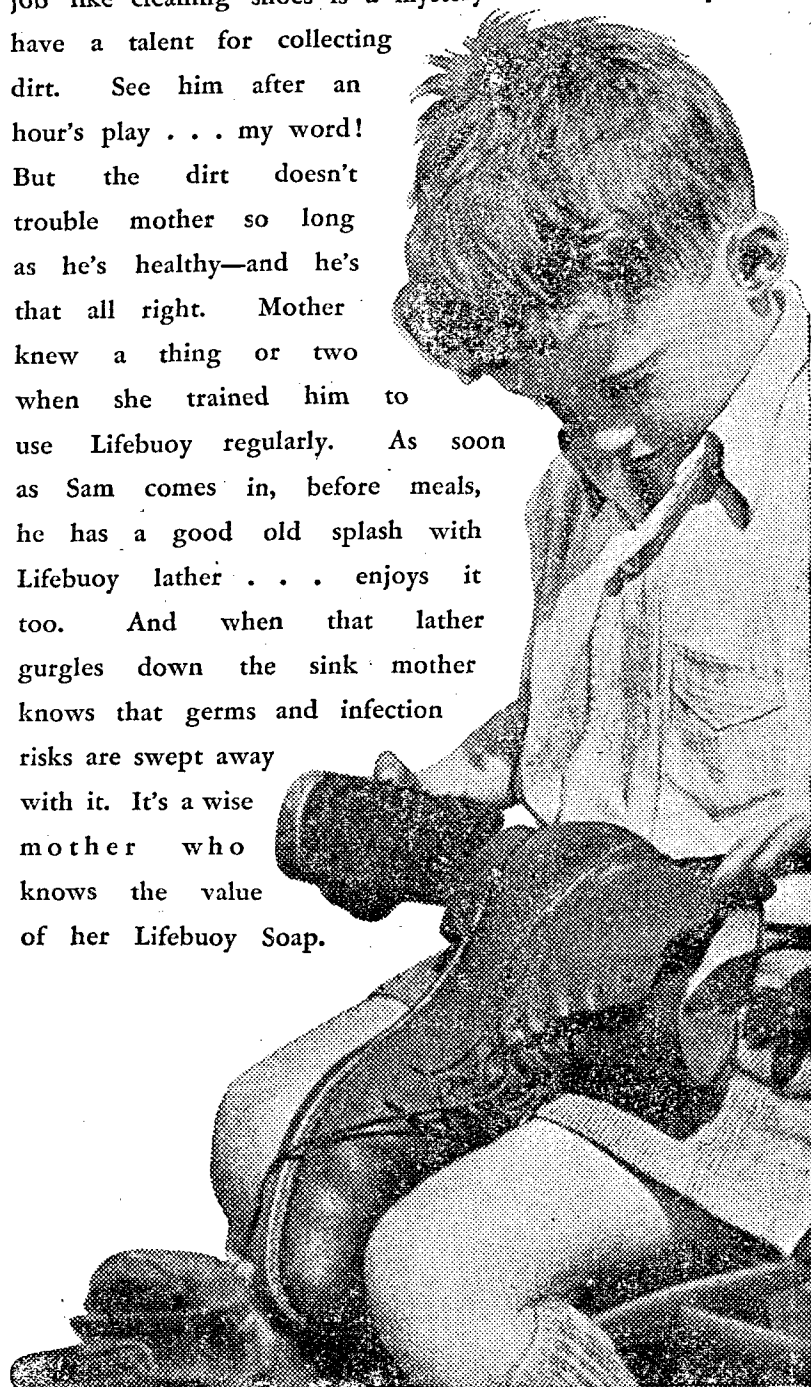
But this must wait; before the moon failed him again he had to get out of his own fix and find Captain Ben. So, resisting the temptation to prolong his watch, and removing his shoes to get a grip with his toes, with infinite pains he lowered himself from the rock and from jut to jut until with a gasp of relief he found that he was once more upon the real track, whence, as he realised, he had gone scuffling astray in the darkness.

He had left his shoes behind. But that mattered nothing. The moon was serving still and he went on apace, taking each upward twist till his course was set inland.

Continued on the next page

# He's an expert hand with dirt!

How on earth Sam manages to get so grubby doing a little job like cleaning shoes is a mystery! But Sam always did have a talent for collecting dirt. See him after an hour's play . . . my word! But the dirt doesn't trouble mother so long as he's healthy—and he's that all right. Mother knew a thing or two when she trained him to use Lifebuoy regularly. As soon as Sam comes in, before meals, he has a good old splash with Lifebuoy lather . . . enjoys it too. And when that lather gurgles down the sink mother knows that germs and infection risks are swept away with it. It's a wise mother who knows the value of her Lifebuoy Soap.



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As he turned the last bend he let out a cry of delight; his heart could have lifted a chant to this gracious moon's splendour. For, very nearly as clear as the day could have shown it, there came stumping along a figure trim and four-square, with stick on the swing and its pea-jacket buttoned across its throat. Cap'n Ben must have seen Jim at the same instant; but, instead of shouting, he pulled up like a man stunned.

"I thought it was your ghost, lad," he growled, as they joined. "And what brings you out of your bed at this time of the morning?"

"I was anxious for you," faltered Jim. "You hadn't returned." He felt so small now, he felt so ridiculously small, to be caught on such a wildgoose chase, as it transpired.

The Captain's eyes missed nothing. "Your shoes?" he demanded.

"I—er—I kicked them off on a piece of rock," replied Jim.

"Looking for me, were you? Why weren't you asleep, lad?"

"I couldn't sleep," said Jim. "I mean, I kept waking."

"Well, I've been to the Squire's," said Cap'n Ben curtly.

"I was afraid," stammered Jim, "that you'd hurt yourself."

"H'm!" the old gentleman uttered, and looked him well over. "So to even things up you'd thought that you'd break your own neck!" His voice sounded oddly gruff; he cleared his throat harshly. "It's been as black as pitch," he let out with a growl.

"I found the way all right. I know it so well."

Then the Captain marched on in silence, Jim at his heels, as was necessary when they came to the narrower places. And, although it was on Jim's tongue to narrate what he'd seen, they reached the cottage without a word of this spoken, for something kept holding him back, some reserve in the other, the like of which he had never encountered before; so that it seemed to Jim that if he opened his mind he might lay himself open as well and at the same time to the charge of interfering, and almost of spying, in matters from which he was shut and which nowise concerned him.

And maybe he was restrained by a little pique also. For Cap'n Ben, though never

Continued in the last column

## JACKO LENDS A HAND

MOTHER JACKO seemed to have a passion for moving the furniture.

"If you can't afford to buy new things," she used to say, "the next best thing is to change the old ones about; it gives you something fresh to look at."

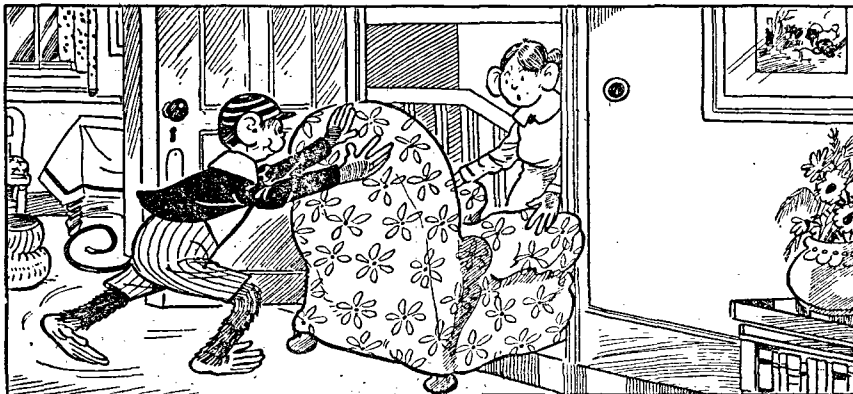
Father Jacko didn't agree with her: he hated change of any sort.

On its way it knocked against the table and swung round.

"Oh, be careful!" cried his mother.

"This room's full to bursting," growled Jacko; "you can't swing a cat round in it! Better put it right out into the hall."

He kicked open the door, and gave the chair a good hard push.



Jacko pushed and his mother pulled

When he was safely out of the way one morning Mother Jacko went into the parlour, and looked round.

"Now that the winter is coming," she murmured, "I'm sure the sofa ought to be nearer to the fire."

Just then the door opened: and Jacko poked his head in. "Hallo, Mater! Moving again!" he cried.

"Like me to give you a hand?"

"No, thank you," said Mother Jacko.

"All right," replied Jacko. "I say!" he exclaimed, "you can't move that sofa till you've shifted the armchair," and, darting across the room, he caught the back of the chair and ran it over to the door.

It reached the door—and there it stayed!

"What are you doing?" cried Mother Jacko. "It won't go through that way: it has to be tilted."

"All right," said Jacko cheerfully. "Come and give me a hand, Mater. I can't move the wretched thing."

Jacko pushed and his mother pulled. And the chair sat still.

It sat there for some time, for it took the combined efforts of Father Jacko and Adolphus the best part of an hour to dislodge it.

It didn't do the chair any good. And it didn't do the door paint any good. It didn't do Jacko any good, either!

a man of much speech, had neither the landlubber's habit of hugging a secret, yet now he said nothing of what had taken him to the big house, or of what had detained him there, or about those strange ships, or of the one-sided man who had come ashore from them and whom he must have met just now on the road.

It hurt Jim to be left out thus in the cold. So if the Captain would not speak why should he? In which mood he tumbled wearily into bed.

He awoke again in the morning as fresh as the air, to discover, such a full light pervaded the room, that nearly he had slept the clock round for once. He had sprung to his hip-tub, filled it, and begun splashing, when he fancied that he caught the slow grinding of cartwheels on the path that wound so gently up to the cottage. Flinging his sponge aside, he snatched up the bath towel and garbed in this damp vestment rushed to the window.

He had heard aright. A cart was ascending the track. And straight as a dragoon, at the driver's side on the cross-plank, there was seated an ageing lady of unflinching features, who kept firm hold of an upright umbrella in her gloved grip and, without so much as one glance to her right or her left, gazed steadfastly in front of her in a fixed line that never wavered a point from the quadruped's ears.

Jim drew a tremendous breath. "Aunt Primrose!" he uttered.

She could not have sat with more dignity on a throne. Nor, when the equipage had come to its stop, have alighted with more composure; nor have kept sharper eyes on the man as he got down and, releasing the flap at the back, began to heave forth a trunk of majestic dimensions; nor have satisfied his charges with closer exactitude; nor have advanced with more compelling tread up the path. By which time Jim was now sufficiently dressed and had come through the porch to help the man with her luggage.

This seemed to suggest that she had come to stay for some time. For, in addition to the stoutly-corded tin trunk, there was a parrot in a cage, as composed as its mistress, with a pair of bandboxes, and some rugs in a strap; the one and all being ticketed at either end in an angular but mighty clear handwriting.

TO BE CONTINUED

**Baked Jam Roll!**  
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### RECIPE

1 lb. Flour.  
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.'  
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.  
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted.)  
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about 3/4 hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.  
Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.





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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 22, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Passing By

A MOTOR-CAR travelling at 30 miles an hour passes a motor-coach travelling in the same direction at 20 miles an hour in five seconds.

How long would they take to pass each other if they were going in opposite directions?

Answer next week

### Six Generations

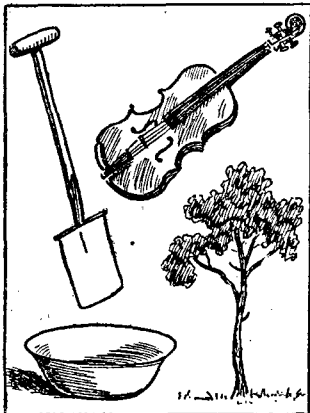
AN old book tells us that long ago there was a German lady who actually lived to see six generations of her own family, and someone knowing her made up this rhyme:

The aged mother to her daughter spake:  
Daughter, said she, arise,  
Thy daughter to her daughter take,  
Whose daughter's daughter cries.

### A Catch

ASK a friend if he can add together one thousand; nothing; fifty; and one-fifth of eight, and make a well-known animal. If he has to give up the problem you can show him how it is done. M is the Roman figure for one thousand; O is nothing; L is the Roman figure for fifty; and E is one-fifth of the five letters in eight. This makes MOLE.

### A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown here and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each word will spell the name of a place that is now becoming very popular.

Answer next week

### Houses Sold By Weight

TO sell houses by weight seems a curious procedure, but this has actually been done in the Mexican town of Guanajuato. This town was commonly known as gold-brick town, the reason being

that in the gold rush miners built their houses of the refuse from the mines after the ores had been extracted.

Methods of extraction were very crude, and some of the precious ores had been left in the refuse. One day a man was pulling down an old house and noticed the shining particles.

After this most of the houses were pulled down and the "gold-bricks" sold by weight.

### What Is It?

IT is part of a tree,  
And of you and of me,  
And the elephant seen at the Zoo.  
It is also a call,  
And a kind of hold-all,  
Yet belongs to all animals too.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Le clou Le nègre La note

J'enfoncé le clou dans la planche.  
Nous avons eu un domestique nègre.  
Cette note est une double-croche.

### What Am I?

SOMETIMES I'm hard, at others soft,  
In various shapes you've seen me off;  
I'm round and square and oval too,  
Or any pattern named by you;  
Both large and small, each size between,  
In colours numerous I'm seen;  
You tread on me when out you walk;  
I'm sometimes near akin to chalk;  
Men give to me a kind of grace;  
In every town I have a place  
Wherever houses may be found,  
But I'm not always on the ground;  
I tower high above your head,  
And yet I'm on the ocean's bed;  
Oft am I thrown by girl or boy;  
Much prized and valued as a toy;  
A weight I am, well known in trade;  
In fruit I'm often found, tis said;  
Yet to be mineral I claim,  
And ask you now to give my name.

Answer next week

### Wizard Writing

WITH the aid of a companion you can mystify your friends with this thought-reading trick.

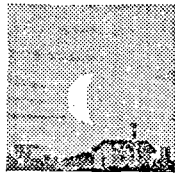
You go out of hearing while they select a word, say Salt. You are recalled, and your assistant takes a walking-stick and scrawls on the floor. "See this writing," says he, and raps once on the floor. "Look," still scribbling vigorously. "There now, can you read it?" You promptly say "Salt."

The secret is simple. S was the first letter of his first remark. Vowels are indicated with raps

of the stick, one for A, two for E, and so on. Then came L and T, your friend merely improvising remarks to tell you the letters in the word chosen.

### Other Worlds Next Week

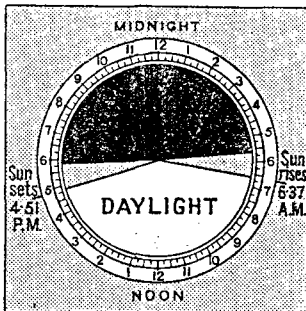
IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Venus are in the South-East, and Mars is in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Monday, October 21.



### Dead Sea Fruit

DEAD SEA fruit, which turns to ashes in the mouth, is not a mere legend. It grows on a tree about 15 feet high, is a bright yellow in colour, and is about the size of an apple. It looks very luscious, but is often attacked by a large black and yellow cricket so that the whole of the interior becomes dust although the skin remains unharmed. Thus, when it is picked it turns to tasteless powder.

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 22. The daylight gets shorter each day.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### Queer Arithmetic

S(IX) I(X) X(L)—SIX

A Bird Puzzle. Diver, crane, grouse, bunting, Merlin, lark, Wren, jay, kite, quail, swallow.

Words That Rhyme. Bay, Bey. Barred, bard. Medal, meddle.

What Animal Is This? Opossum

#### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

R	A	Y	B	A	G	G	A	G	E	A	R	T
A	N	S	A	L	E	P	I	C	A	T	E	
I	N	C	H	L	A	D	E	N	N	A	P	E
S	A	L	A	D	R	A	S	E	C	R	E	T
E	O	D	I	N	B	A	G	E	D	H		
A	V	E	N	U	E	A	I	G	R	E	T	
A	R	E	E	R	R	A	N	D	S	N	E	T
A	C	R	E	L	A	N	D	S	S	T	A	R

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Father Knew His Boy

VISITOR: How good and quiet your little boy seems to be.

Father: I hadn't noticed it. Here, Jack! What mischief are you up to?

### Begin at the Beginning

THE dear old lady had come up to town to choose her first motor-car.

"Yes, madam," said the salesman, "shall I show you four, six, or eight-cylinder cars?"

"Oh!" was the somewhat startled reply. "Couldn't I start with one?"

### Rain or Shine



THIS queer little man is proud of his gamp. He fears not the Sun, he cannot get damp. He sings to himself in praise of umbrellas. "I really do think they're the best of best sellers."

### Careless

BLACK: Green is a terrible fellow for dropping his aspirates.

White: That's nothing to the way he drops his vowels; I've got several of his IO U's.

### The Wind For a Sail

SEEING a notice, "This cottage for sail," a smart youth thought he would indulge in a little leg-pulling. So he asked the cottager when his house was to sail.

The old man looked the youth up and down. "Just as soon as somebody can raise the wind," he said.

### He Knows

A YOUNG dude called at a riding-school and chose a horse that he wished to hire.

"How long can I have him out?" he asked the ostler.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "as a rule we leaves that to the 'oss."



A Doctor says: "Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."

Since the first medical sage advised the unrestful never to go to bed on an empty stomach, the world has learned the soothing and sleep inducing effects of Benger's Food.

## Bed time is Benger time

If you suffer from the unrest of weak digestion, Benger's Food will help you. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester. Write to-day.

## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when the work and play of the world almost came to a standstill soon after sunset, but the illuminating engineer has changed all that. Now, at the touch of a switch, night can be made as bright as day. In the new number of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere, is a fascinating article telling of the amazing change in our light.

Here are a few titles which give an idea of the wide variety of subjects dealt with in this splendid monthly.

Members of the British Insect Army

The Last Days of Charles Stuart

The Sham Crisis

England's Home of the Sleeping Beauty

We Must All Have More

There are many other articles, besides stories, poems, puzzles, and numerous pictures. Make sure of your copy of My Magazine by buying it now.

## MY MAGAZINE

November issue now on sale - One Shilling

### TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

L AURIE sat at a table in the corner of the great restaurant. Mother was still shopping below.

There were four places at the table; two of them were occupied by a young man and a lady who looked as if she might be his aunt.

Laurie, munching a chop, couldn't help hearing what they were saying. It wasn't very interesting at first. What made him really sit up was when the young man opposite remarked:

"All the shirts are brick red. Ellis advised these for the hot climate."

"Oh, are you going to Rhodesia?" suddenly interrupted Laurie, and then blushed hotly. How inquisitive he was being!

The fact was his own brother Bob had gone out to South Africa just a year before, and the brick-red shirts he had taken had fasci-



Laurie couldn't help hearing

nated Laurie, who longed to be done with school and to follow Bob into that country of sun and blue sky, of great farms and little black picca-

innies, and alligators, and long days of horse-riding.

The young man didn't seem to mind at all. He just gave Laurie a quick smile and said at once, "I am sailing tomorrow for Cape Town, then I am going up to help on my cousin's farm near Salisbury."

"But that's where my brother is, fifty miles from Salisbury!"

"Which side?" asked the young man.

Laurie had forgotten.

"I'm south," said the stranger, "sixty miles south."

"Then you might be only ten miles from my brother," gasped Laurie. "He'll be wearing an open red shirt with little holes all over it, just as you will. His name's Bobby Spicer. And, oh I say, sir,

### THE BRICK-RED SHIRT

would you please tell him you met me having lunch here, first day of the holidays, and give him my love, and tell him that our dog Bisto has had a litter of four lovely puppies? I have written; but you may meet him, you know, before the letter arrives."

"I promise," said the man gravely. "Four puppies, do you say? My name's Robin George, and my address will be Glenmore Farm."

"And his is Nemumi," Laurie spelled it gravely, and the stranger copied it into his note-book.

The lady smiled at them.

"I'm sure the two red shirts will meet one day," she said. "What a happy chance you jumped to the conclusion that Robin was going there!"